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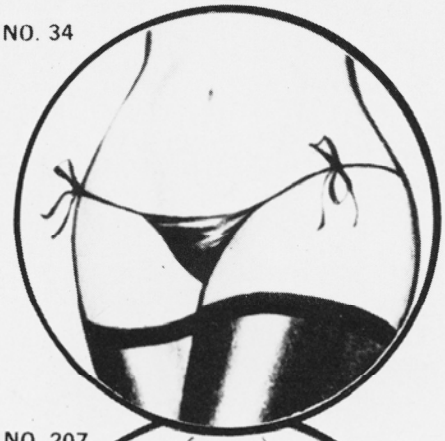
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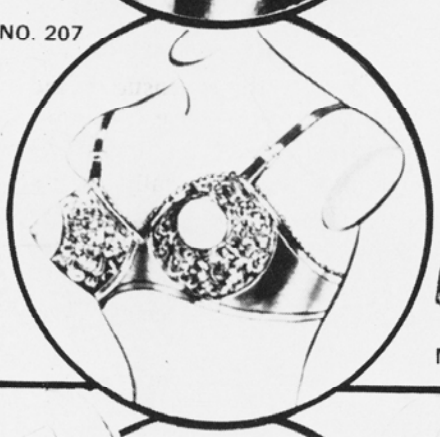
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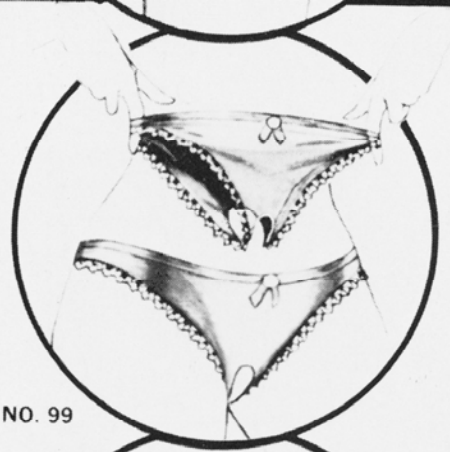
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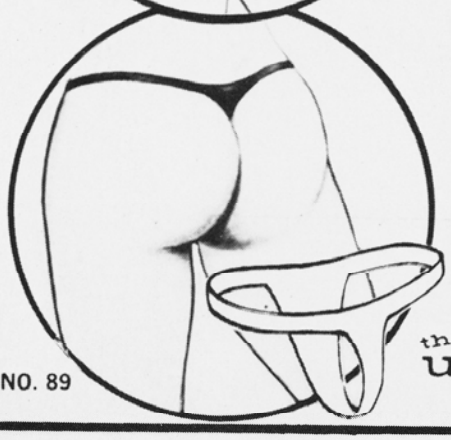
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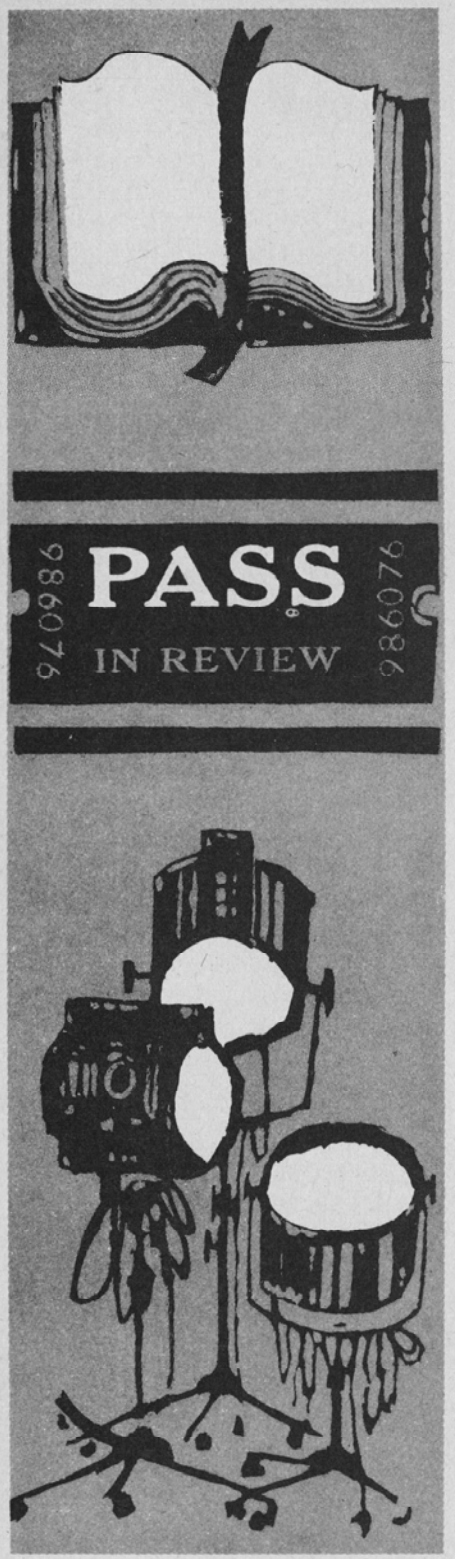


RECORDS

Boito's *Mefistofele* is given a superb treatment on a recent Angel disc. Norman Treigle is excellent in the title role. Montserrat Caballe and Placido Domingo also turn in stunning performances. The London Symphony Orchestra under Julius Rudel is in top form.

Orazio Vecchi's *L'Amfiparnaso* (Nonesuch) is a delightful Madrigal comedy. Janet Steele, William Zukof, William Lyon Lee and Elliot Levine lend their impressive vocal talents to this perfect example of renaissance musical comedy, making for a truly enjoyable recording. Excellent liner notes enhance the listening experience.

Opera buffs are treated to some vintage performances by the great Feodor Chaliapin on *The Art of Feodor Chaliapin* (Seraphim). We are offered recordings from the 1926-1933 period, including selections from Rachmaninoff, Mussorgsky, Gretchaninov, and many other composers.

The Great Shows of Noel Coward (Monmouth-Evergreen) features original cast recordings from "Bittersweet," "Conversation Piece," "Operette," "Ace of Clubs," and Coward's own interpretations from "Cavalcade." Fans of the twenties and thirties musical theatre will want to add this one to their collections.

Sue Thompson's "cute" vocal style made "Norman," "Sad Movies" and several other tunes into pop and country hits during the sixties. Sue's back with a new album, *Sweet Memories* (MGM) which includes the above-mentioned hits as well as new material. The title cut and "How Do You Start Over" are highlights.

Cleo Laine: Live! At Carnegie Hall (RCA) will delight admirers of this knockout British songstress. Ms. Laine, backed by a top-notch quintet, does an impressive job with a wide variety of material ranging from contemporary tunes to classic blues in the Bessie Smith tradition. "Perdido" is stunning, with Cleo and saxman John Danworth trading phrases.

The Eleventh House (with Larry Coryell) (Vanguard) finds Coryell embracing a new, heavier and louder sound with his new band. This development will no doubt win Coryell new fans as well as lose some of the older ones. Even traditional-minded buffs should give a listen to the fine musicianship displayed here by Coryell on guitar, Mike Mandel on keyboards, Randy Brecker on trumpet, Alphonse Mouzon on percussion, and Danny Trifan on bass.

Roy Buchanan at his best ranks among the cream of rock guitarists. But you'd never know it from *That's What I Am Here For* (Polydor), his most recent waxing. Buchanan seems to be falling back on cliches and tasteless diddling around here, which is unfortunate, considering his talent, glimpses of which are revealed on his two previous recordings.

The Ikettes, those sensuous and soulful gals who give dynamic support to Ike and Tina Turner on stage and record, are finally given a solo waxing on *The Ikettes: Gold and New* (United Artists). "Da Doo Ron Ron" and "Someday We'll be Together" come off especially well.

Some Days You Eat the Bear . . . and Some Day the Bear Eats You (Elektra) is the unlikely title of Ian Matthews' latest album. Matthews has retained the sound of his old band, Southern Comfort, even in their absence. This coupled with his usual choice of good material, makes for an appealing disc. "Keep On Sailing" and Jesse Winchester's "Biloxi" are tops.

Eric Kaz is one of the finest songwriters around today, his material having been recorded by Linda Rondstadt, Tracy Nelson, Bonnie Raitt and other artists. Kaz's first album of his own offered what is probably Kaz's best material, with laid-back and tasteful arrangements. *Cul-deSac* (Atlantic) does not fare nearly as well. Some reviewers have argued that Kaz is not the best interpreter of his own material, and while this is true, the real faults in this recording are over-production

and material that does not stand up to Kaz's best. The music here has an irritating similarity, and one suspects that the bottom of the barrel was scraped in order to come up with enough tunes. The real test of these songs, however, will be how they fare in the hands of other singers.

B. J. Thomas: Longhorns and Londonbridges (Paramount) finds Thomas in the company of good musicians and top contemporary material. Five tunes by one Randall Bramblett are particularly noteworthy. Allen Toussaint's "Play Something Sweet" is hit material.

John Coltrane: Concert in Japan (Impulse) presents some powerful music from the late 'Trane. Pharoah Sanders, Jimmy Garrison, Rashied Ali and Coltrane's wife Alice contribute to produce some music guaranteed to elevate the spirit. "Leo," "Peace on Earth," and "Meditations," all familiar to 'Trane followers, are given extended treatments.

Helen Reddy: Love Song for Jeffrey (Capitol) is an attractive pop set featuring memorable vocal stylings of good new tunes. Tasteful arrangements by Artie Butler and Michael Omartian provide perfect backing for Ms. Reddy's performances of "You and Me Against the World," "Keep on Singing," and "Stella ByStarlight."

The Marshall Tucker Band lays down some right on rock 'n' roll on *A New Life* (Capricorn). The boys really get a move on with the title cut and "Southern Woman." Toy Caldwell's "Too Stubborn" is a blues ballad in the Ray Charles vein and has the makings of a standard. Let's hope Ray or Bonnie Raitt pick up on it.

Melissa Manchester's attractive vocal stylings make *Bright Eyes* (Bell) a winner. Sultry Ms. Manchester gives impressive renditions of "O Heaven (How You've Changed to Me)," "Ruby and the Dancer," "He is the One" and other top tunes.

Woody Herman's bands have always kept abreast of the times, featuring young musicians and modern material. *Woody Herman: Thundering Herd* (Fantasy) showcases Woody's current band, and a sharp one it is. Bill Stapleton, Alan Broadbent and Tony Klatka are responsible for the exciting arrangements. John Coltrane's "Naima" and Stanley Clarke's "Bass Folk Song" are especially noteworthy.

The impact of ragtime on popular entertainment is examined on *Ragtime Entertainment* (RBF-Folkways). Vintage recordings of orchestral ragtime arrangements and ragtime songs will be of great interest to the ragtime scholar. Available from RBF Records, 17 W. 60 St., NYC.

The *Butts Band* (Blue Thumb) has much to offer hard rock buffs on their debut album. Robby Kreiger, who handled guitar chores with the Doors, is joined by Jess Roden, rhythm guitar, John Densmore, drums, Phillip Chen, bass, and Roy Davies, keyboards. "Pop-aTop," a reggae number, hits the spot.

Three Dog Night fans will dig their latest, *Hard Labor* (Dunhill). Tasty arrangements and strong singing are on the bill, as always. "Play Something Sweet" and "Sure as I'm Sitting Here" are winners.

European recordings by saxmaster Ben Webster are available here for the first time on *Ben Webster: At Work in Europe* (Prestige). The late Webster turns his talents to a number of Ellington tunes, Monk's "Straight, No Chaser," and Cannonball Adderly's "Work Song" on this double album. Webster receives strong support from a number of European jazzmen.

Low Down Memphis Barrelhouse Blues (1928-1935) offers some vintage material from Memphis Minnie, Sleepy John Estes, Jim Jackson, Robert Wilkins and other artists who created and were influenced by the "Memphis sound" of the twenties and thirties. Guitarists will appreciate informative liner notes by Don Kent and Mike Stewart. This record can be ordered directly from Mamlish, P.O. Box 417, Cathedral Station, N.Y.C.

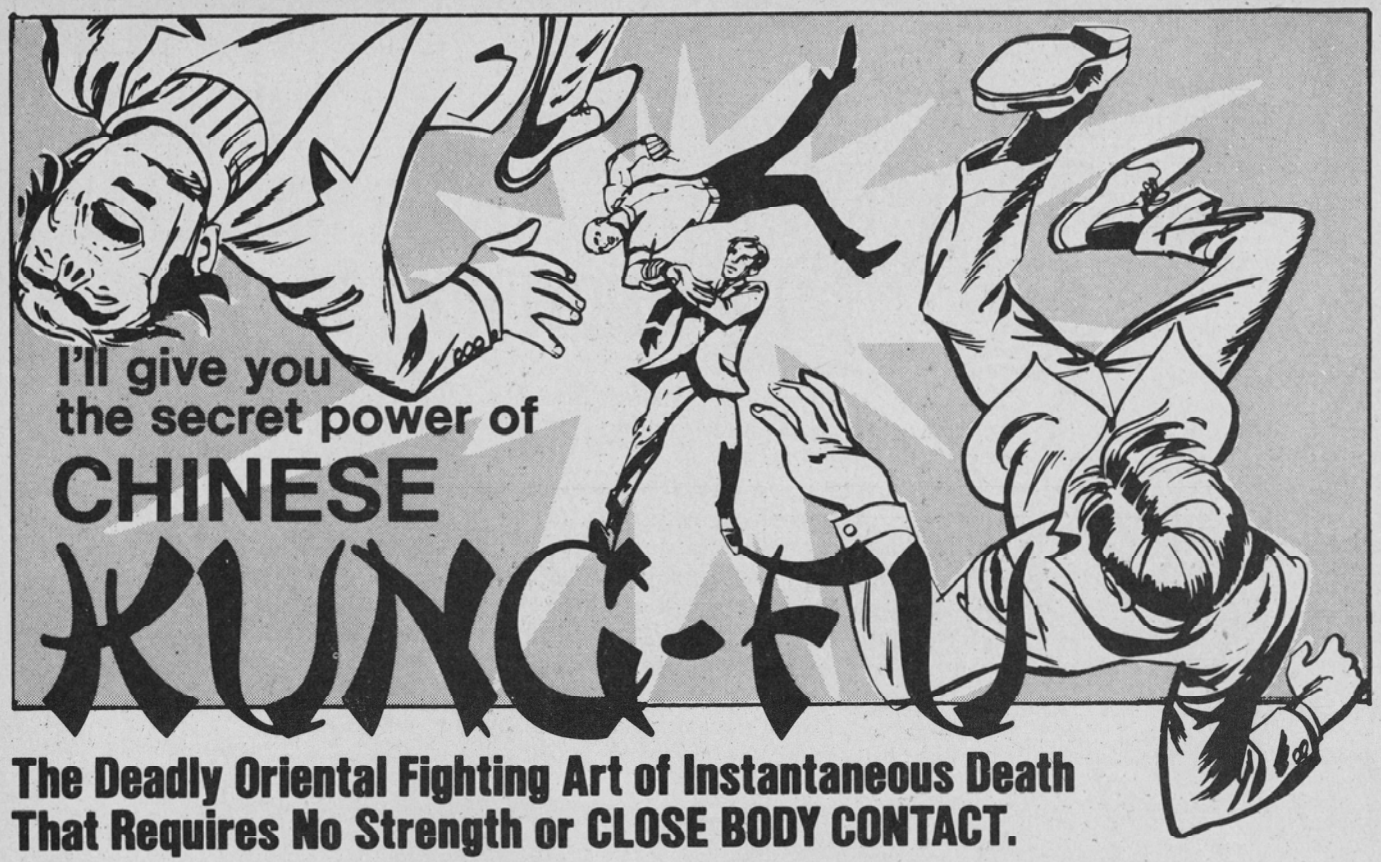
BOOKS

KGB: The Secret Work of Soviet Secret Agents (Readers Digest Press) by John Barron is a fascinating study of the incredibly powerful secret intelligence agency. This volume can be appreciated as political history or, on a whole other level, as a thriller. Mr. Barron's extensive research and scholarship has produced a remarkable book.

An undercover narcotics cop tells his exciting tale in *Solo* (Dodd, Mead) by Anthony Schiano with Anthony Burton. Schiano brings back hair-raising tales from the world of junkies. There's never a dull movement in this saga of the dope underworld.

The Comic-Book Book (Arlington) edited by Dick Lupoff and Don Thompson, will evoke memories of the Golden Age of comics, when you got 64 pages for a dime. Plastic Man, Donald Duck, the bizarre E. C. Comics, Tarzan, and other favorites fall under the scrutiny of the culture analysts. An extra bonus for the Women's Lib crowd is a chapter examining "Wonder Women and Other Super Girls."

Sigmund Freud (Prentice-Hall /Spectrum) edited by Paul Roazen, is another excellent entry in the Makers of Modern Social Science Series. An informative introduction by the editor is followed by essays by Eric Fromm, Herbert Marcuse, David Riesman, and others. These writers approach Freud from a variety of angles and offer some thought-provoking perspectives.



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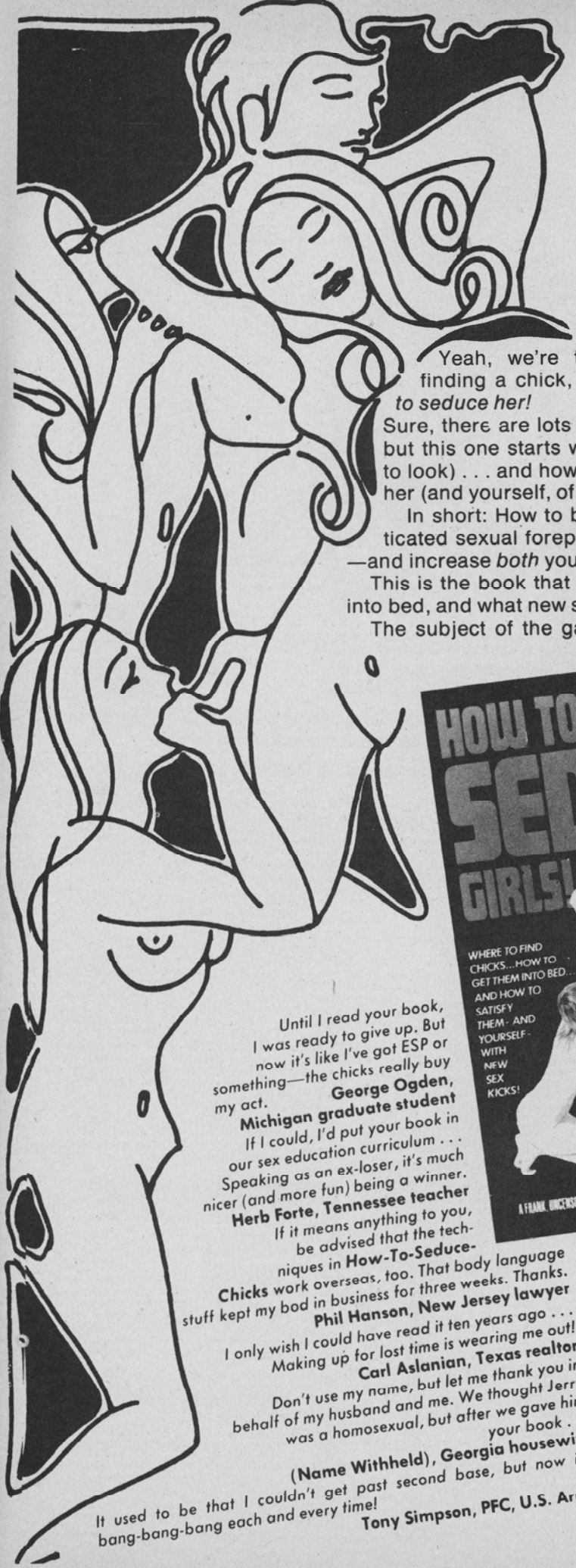

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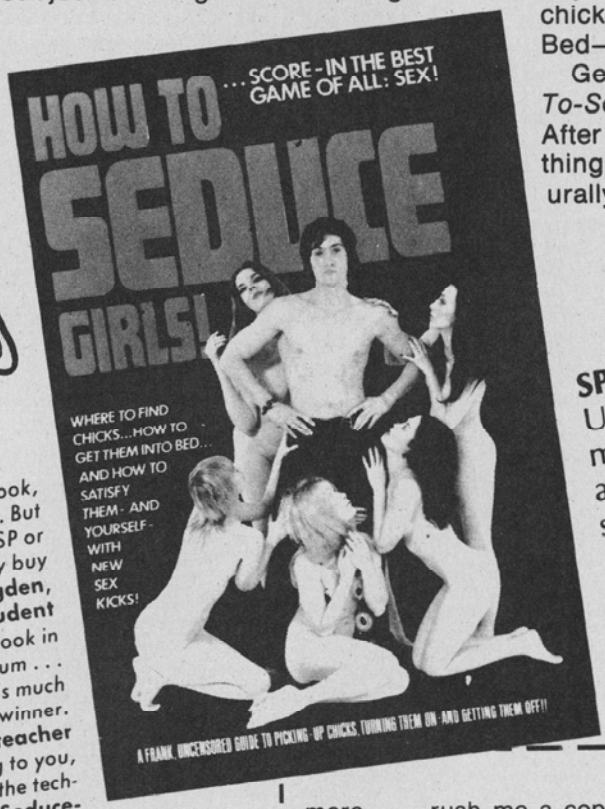
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GEM

VOL. 16 NO. 1 SEPTEMBER 1974

FEATURES

6 **FEMME LIB GOES TO SCHOOL** ..... **E. P. Galore**
But male activists are countering with some hard knocks.
8 **CHANNEL D FOR DIRTY** ..... **F. A. Mosso**
Just suppose some family TV programs turned porno?
18 **THE INSCRUTABLE HILL SISTERS** ..... **Ed Modzelewski**
Their frigidity seemed insurmountable and impregnable.
28 **THE MANY FACES OF MOMOKO** ..... **John Keefauver**
How could she be so sexy and yet so impersonal?
31 **GEM'S RATED X DIGEST** ..... **Paul Steiner**
Quickies and snatches from the adult entertainment world.
44 **THE ELECTRONIC STUD** ..... **Keith Hall, Jr.**
He called his explosive new sex invention, "Dynamo Dick."
47 **AND NOW COMING TO YOU LIVE** ..... **Jess Key**
A sports-great turned announcer brings you on-the-spot coverage.
48 **QUITO: SIN CAPITAL** ..... **Marcus Whiting**
This Ecuadorian city is teeming with free-swinging chicks.
54 **EVERLOVING LETTER** ..... **J. R. Keit**
Sometimes it's hard for a guy to say what he really means.

PICTURE THIS

10 **MELISANDE**
14 **BUNNY**
22 **KATHERINE**
34 **KELLY**
36 **GEM OF THE MONTH**
50 **LISA**
62 **SWEET MUSIC**

DEPARTMENTS

1 **PASS IN REVIEW**
17 **SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS** ..... **Orson A. Round**
57 **BOFFS AND CRACKS** ..... **Roger Henry**
66 **DAFFYNITIONS** ..... **Ted Bradley**

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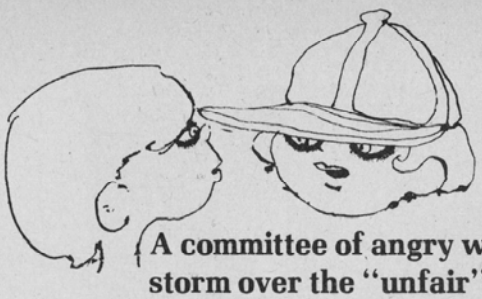


A committee of angry women militants studying sex discrimination is kicking up a storm over the "unfair" textbooks used for teaching kids in the lower grades but male activists are picking up the gauntlet and making counter claims

Sex is rearing its lovely head in a storm over the kind of textbooks used for teaching kids in the lower grades of school. Lady Libbers claim most of the stories are anti-female. They charge that the writers and editors are blood brothers of Bobby Riggs, the bantam symbol of male chauvinist piggishness. It is a long time since I was expelled from the third grade, but if the "readers" now are anything like they were then, the girls probably are justified in some complaining. Boys almost always had the starring roles in those stories. From current texts come lines like, "boys are braver than girls" and "She is just like a girl. She gives up." Tut and for shame. Not a nice thing to teach children, even if true.

The Committee to Study Sex Discrimination in the Kalamazoo Public Schools was disturbed to find that women are portrayed predominantly as mothers, nurses, librarians. Okay. Maybe they should have presented some femme doctors and some people who contribute to the libraries like Jackie Susan, Agatha Christie, Mary Stewart, Taylor Caldwell and The Happy Hooker. But is it ignoble to be a librarian? Aren't nurses among our most important people? And could even Alice Cooper be a mother?

If new, revised textbooks present female occupations as telephone linemen, bulldozer operators and middle linebackers, they can have only an unsettling effect on all moppets. And golly knows what will happen when they get into schoolbooks the fact that those mothers, nurses and librarians are also of the same gender as those who represent The Oldest Profession.

While females are campaigning for fair treatment in text books, males could be hollering for equal time in nursery rhymes and other kiddie fiction. Girls have the starring roles in most of the well-known pieces such as "Alice in Wonderland," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Goldilocks," "Snow White," "Cinderella," etc. "The Wizard of Oz" has the title role in that movie, but Dorothy-Judy Garland is the chief character, and somewhere over the rainbow you'd better not forget it. And don't go telling us Peter Pan is a boy—not when the role is played by Mary Martin.

So when the Masculine Activists get busy, we can look for "Albert in Wonderland," "Cinderelmer," and "Red Mustache and the Three Gorillas."

As women's demands for school book changes are met, all other varieties of libbers won't be far behind. One can imagine a page in a future reader:

"See those two fellows?"

"I see them. What are their names?"

"Butch and Fran."

"They are all dressed up."

"Yes, they are dressed up to go to the dance."

"Can we go to the dance?"

"No, it is for grownups."

"No, it is for grownups."

"Can we look in the window?"

"Yes, let us look in the window."

"The music is starting. Oh, I feel sorry for Butch and Fran."

"Why?"

"Their girl friends haven't shown up yet. But they are dancing with each other. How nice of them to practice before their girl friends arrive."

"Hmmm."

"See. Now they are out on the balcony. They're practising hugging and kissing."

"I see, I see."

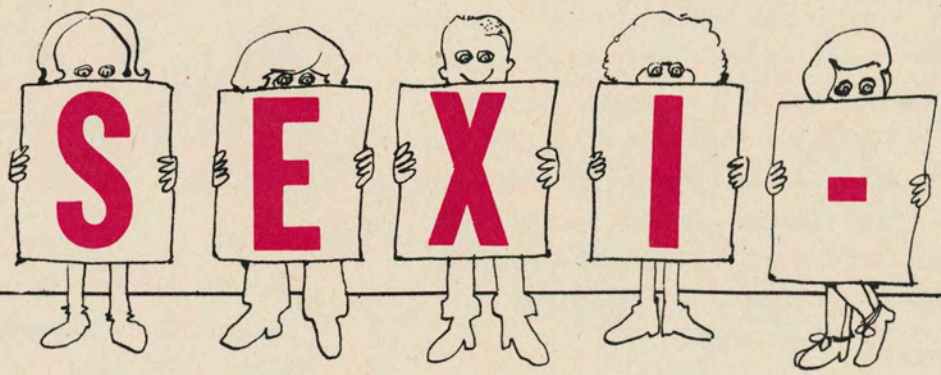
"That looks like fun. Can you and I hug and kiss?"

"No."

"Is it because we're not grownups?"

"No. It is because you're a girl and I'm a boy." □

FEMME LIB GOES TO SCHOOL



By E. P. Galore

CHANNEL O...FOR OBSCENE
CHANNEL D...FOR DIRTY
CHANNEL S...FOR SEX

by F. A. Mosso

As we all know, television today is turning more and more towards the sexual side to further titillate the faithful onlookers who spend so much time viewing the tube which dominates their existence. And no doubt there are many of us nowadays hoping to view that flash of bust or thigh, or erectile tissue-arising scene to make our patience worthwhile. But why not just have an erotic channel? Is is really that hard to do? And instead of going through the headaches of new shows making it and new stars to contend with, why not just bring back some of those favorite re-runs in the style everyone had always hoped for, that is, programs showing the vital scenes we should have been let to see in the first place! I mean, just what did those people on Gilligan's Island do with their spare time? And just what went on at Petticoat Junction? Therefore, here is a new look at the old line-ups of those programs as they well should have been for the sake of everyone's utmost fantasies and desires!

GOMER'S PILES

Monday: Duke takes Gomer to the local cat house.

Tuesday: Carter approaches Gomer in the men's room.

Wednesday: Bunny sits on Carter's face before inspection.

Thursday: Corporal Boyle offers to take Luanne to the movies for Gomer, who has guard duty, and he rapes her instead in the barracks.

Friday: Gomer has a new hobby—cunnilingus.

PETTICOAT JUMPIN'

Monday: Uncle Joe experiences an erection after a 12-year idleness.

Tuesday: Sam Cady ravishes Kate behind the meat case in his store.

Wednesday: Billy Jo and Bobby Jo bleach their pubic hair for the barndance.

Thursday: Betty Jo rapes Floyd.

Friday: All Hooterville orgies aboard the Cannonball.

EMISSION IMPOSSIBLE

Monday: Phelps must achieve orgasm upon several tapes to destroy them and save a country from an evil dictator.

Tuesday: Willy makes a pass at a female and is castrated by IMF officials.

Wednesday: Casey infiltrates a stag movie outfit to save a princess from embarrassment.

Thursday: Barney's penis becomes trapped in an elevator system and he has to be specially rescued.

Friday: Rollin must make some vagina transformations to fool a group of political bigshots.

THE HUSTLING HILLIBILLYS

Monday: Miss Hathaway gets silicone injections and a buttock lift.

Tuesday: Elly May seduces Mr. Dysdale in the bank vault.

Wednesday: Granny is pregnant.

Thursday: Jethro is arrested for indecent exposure on the freeway.

Friday: Jed brings home some porno flicks for the family.

GILLIGAN'S BALL LAND

Monday: The skipper discovers that he has gonorrhea.

Tuesday: The professor has sex with some local plant and fruit life.

Wednesday: Mrs. Howell gives her husband a diamond-studded condom for his birthday.

Thursday: Gilligan and Ginger are locked in coitus and can't get apart.

Friday: Mary Ann finds a case of personal vibrators that have washed up on shore.

LEWD LEWD WEST

Monday: West must have sex with every woman in Wyoming to find out who has the secret code hidden in their corset.

Tuesday: Dr. Loveless baits West with a giant vagina.

Wednesday: Artie disguises himself as a human phallus to gain membership with a traveling corrupt side show.

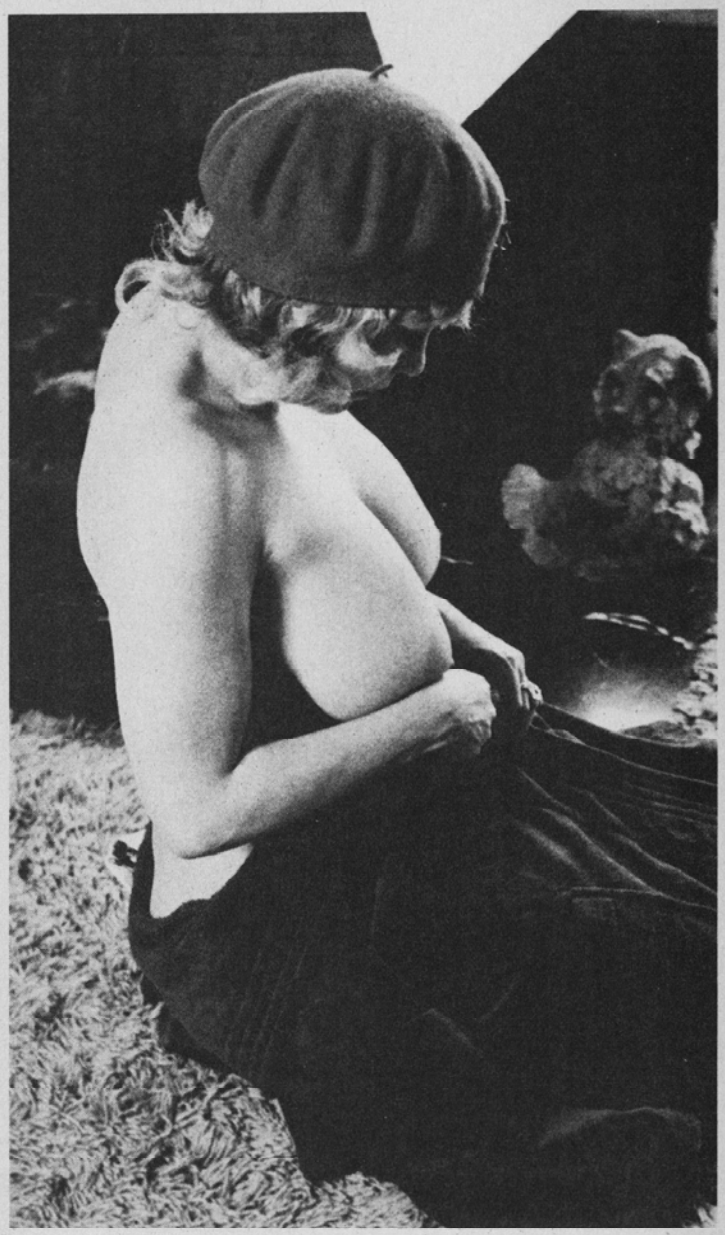
Thursday: West searches for the orifice with the hidden microfilm.

Friday: Dr. Loveless captures West and sexually molests him. □

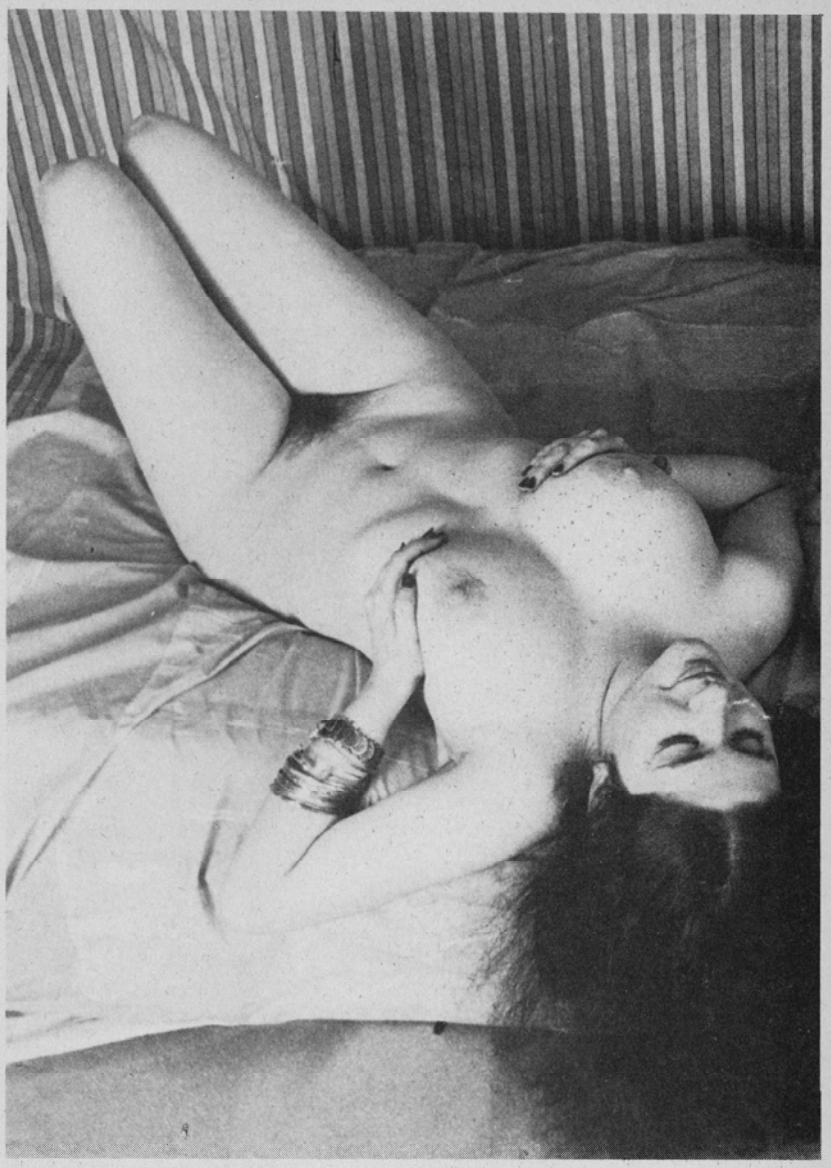
MELISANDE

Meet Melisande, an unusual gal who's bound to become a big favorite. This musical mama makes her home on the West Coast in sunny California. When not practicing the bassoon, Melisande spends as much time as possible soaking up the sun at a friend's private pool or at the beach. When possible, she loves to swim au natural. "I don't like to wear clothes around the house, and I find bathing suits an unnecessary annoyance. What do I care if the guys stare? I'm proud of my body. This whole streaking business is a basically healthy fad, because it's making people less uptight about their bodies. The more folks start walking around naked, the better they're going to get along with each other. If the United Nations met in the buff, they'd get things straightened out right quick."

We asked outspoken Melisande about her unusual name. "My daddy named me after



Debussy's 'Pelleas and Melisande.' That was his favorite opera. As you've probably guessed by now, my family is very musical. Mom teaches voice at the high school and Dad plays the violin and cello. Relatives and friends would stay over on holidays and we'd all play chamber music and medieval songs. Uncle Sean picks the lute like nobody's business." (*continued on page 62*)



BUNNY

Here's Bunny, a BUF bombshell who radiates compassion, good will, and sexiness. Bunny teaches music at a school for the blind in Council Bluffs, Iowa, and spends her weekends piloting her own renovated biplane. Even with this busy schedule, she still manages to find time for an active and fulfilling social life. "The blind kids pick up music really fast," buxom Bunny told us. "Many of them have perfect pitch. I used to teach at the high school across town and the students there weren't nearly as talented or enthusiastic. You ought to hear the Glee Club do their Sons of the Pioneers medley. 'Tumbling Tumbleweed' tears the house down every time. In addition to the Glee Club I direct the orchestra.

Bunny invited us over to the local airfield where we took a spin in her candy-apple green 1927 Fetuccine Alfredo biplane, equipped with a built-in bar and quadraphonic stereo system. After placing a rare "basement tape" of Bill Monroe and Charlie Christian on the tape deck, Bunny mixed pina coladas with her left hand while piloting with her right. As the craft did a loop-da-loop over Omaha, Nebraska, she began telling us of her plans to enter the plane in an upcoming dogfight competition at the Rheinbeck Aerodrome.

We're not jiving when we say that Bunny is one of the shapliest sights in the air these days. And on the sea and on the land as well, the situation is the same—she's something else to behold. Right? Yeah,man, the eyes have it. □

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

By Orson A. Round

Sportswriter Dick Young writing in a family (sort of) newspaper, The New York Daily News, reported this about a boxing fellow:

> Ali had arrived the night before. When his bus pulled up to the hotel and the door opened, a shapely gal threw herself at him like a drowning swimmer.
>
> "Let him alone, you bitch," screamed an indignant sepia woman. "He's a family man."
>
> "Not tonight, I ain't," said Ali, winking an exaggerated wink.

Interesting, and too bad Young didn't ever tell us how Ali made out. Also interesting is the forthright use of the word "bitch" right there in a family newapaper. Only a few years ago it was forbidden even in stories about a dog show.

Well, it's a good word and too bad it has come to be used as a dirty name. Some of my best friends have been and are bitches and sons-of-bitches. When they snuggle on your lap and kiss you, you know it's true love and they aren't after a fur coat—they've already got one.

The Bride Wore Pants— Did Her Aunts?

Many mod couples feel it's perfectly okay to shack up without going through any marriage ritual. A few hippies have dreamed up their own wedding ceremonies in exotic settings and weird garb with an instant clergyman dressed in T-shirt and sandals. Against the tide goes Herman Katz.

Herman is a clerk stationed at New York's City Hall, licensed to tie nuptial knots. He says the bride-to-be must wear a skirt and blouse or a dress, the man has to be attired in jacket and tie.

So he refused to perform his offices in behalf of Doreen Rappaport who showed up in a pants suit. Caused such a flap that the New York Civil Liberties Union has instituted a suit (not a pants suit, surely?) on behalf of Doreen.

Our advice to Herman Katz is, "Cool it, man." When people want to get married, let 'em, even if they are dressed like Freddie, the Freeloader. Otherwise they'll just shack up without official sanction and you'll be out of a job.

Frills Up Front for BUF Girls

"Camisole" is an old-fashioned word. It refers, usually to corset (also an old-fashioned word) covers. It was in any case an undergarment. Now it's an outergarment. Pals, the fashionable girls this year are going to wear camisoles. Out front. Frilly and lacy. In other words, bras you can see even before you get them to take off their clothes.

Something that Dangles And Other Angles

The President's daughter said she got her jollies over the amusing way men's penises hang down and flap around. No, it wasn't Tricia, it was Teddy Roosevelt's daughter, Alice Roosevelt Longworth, whose age is the same as a thermometer reading on a very warm summer's day.

In an interview with the New York press she reported how she and her granddaugher sit around and giggle about how funny male tools look in repose. Naturally one wonders if they've bored a peephole in a Y shower room or have been observing some very slow streakers.

A member of WOG . (World Organization of Guys) says he was amazed by the report, but declares, "It confirmed my conviction that there are at least as many dirty old women as there are dirty old men. Imagine the uproar if a famous 90-year-old male told an interviewer that what he likes to think about—it gives him his kicks—is that funny, hairy thing women have between their legs! They'd lead him off to the hatch or, at the least, he would be despised as a D.O.M."

He cites further a ballet dancer in her 80's surrounded by young men who get what they want in the way of pay and career promotions "by flirting with her, petting her and, for all I know, screwing her. Another D.O.W.! But whoever uses the expression, "D.O.W.?"

Well, nobody. But it may catch on.

The Latest Dope on Comedy Recordings

"Hey man, what'd ya do last night?"

"I was out with ya muther, man!"

That's a real boffo good for a barrel of laffs when long-haired comedian George Carlin says it. George says a lot of other things, most of which you never heard in Sunday school. He peppers his routies with the same words that got Lenny Brnce busted. Does Carlin get busted? No, he gets a Grammy award.

Records featuring so-called rock comedy are the latest craze among the very young. Many make narcotics their chief chuckle-provoking material. One of the most successful is the TV parody by Cheech & Chong called, "Let's Make a Dope Deal." *(continued on page 72)*

The two gals looked as if sensuality was dripping out of every pore but nothing could turn them on—until. . .

THE INSCRUTABLE HILL SISTERS

by Ed Modzelewski

The Hill sisters, Peggy and Laurie, were seated on the convertible sofa facing Lou and Mark. Mark was perched on the arm of a well-worn padded chair while Lou was standing and doing the speaking. The two Hill girls appeared to be somewhat fidgety and more than just a bit embarrassed as they listened to Lou.

"How two lovely things like you two can be so damn cold is beyond Mark and me. I mean, we've never seen a pair of girls that were as fantastically stacked as you two are. You Hills look as if the sensuality is dripping from out of every pore in your skins. But yet, when we've gotten you into our sacks, it's been a big zero!"

"Yeah," Mark agreed. "A great big zero."

"Well," Peggy Hill began, "maybe it's not our fault. Some of the blame could belong to you guys. Maybe you just don't turn us on like you should."

Lou's voice screeched. "Turn you on?" Then he cleared his throat. "You two just don't have any life. You both lay there as if you're dead."

"Maybe it's heriditary," Mark offered.

The girls looked at each other and shrugged.

"Could be," Lou said. "Maybe all the Hills were short on sex desire. Maybe this coldness of yours has been handed down from generation to generation."

"Sure," Mark observed, nodding his head knowingly. "Maybe even for centuries."

Peggy Hill spoke up. "Our grandmother on our father's side had twelve children."

"Mother's mother had eight," Laurie Hill said.

"Yeah, but they could have had sex just for procreation. They didn't necessarily have to enjoy it. People, some people, are like that," Mark said

"Listen, even if they were doing it only to service their husbands, it has nothing to do with us," Laurie Hill said. "Peggy and I think it's just the way you two go about it. Maybe a little more foreplay on your parts and we'd be a little more responsive."

"You've got to be kidding," Lou said. "A little more foreplay? Hell, last time I took almost two hours with foreplay before I balled you, Laurie. And you still moved as lively as a turtle. A lazy, half-dead turtle.

"Must be your style, Lou," Laurie Hill flatly stated.

"Aw, you two are just cold fish," Lou sadly said.

Peggy Hill got up from the sofa. "If that's what you guys think, then why bother with us?"

Mark's voice was hoarse when he replied, "Because you two Hill sisters are so incredibly stacked, and because we really like you girls. That's why."

"Thanks, Mark, but this seems to be leading us nowhere," Peggy said.

Laurie got up and stepped a few paces toward the door, then turned. "We like you two guys, too, and perhaps Lou's right. We may be just two cold fish."

"Could be that someone else could arouse us," Peggy said, spitting out the words challengingingly.

"Hey, wait," Mark said. "We're not giving up."

"Let's give it another try, okay, girls?" Lou asked.

"Oh, I don't know," Laurie Hill said. "We've tried it a few times already. . . ."

"And the results were stinko," Peggy Hill concluded, giving with a thumbs-down gesture.

Mark put his arms around Peggy's shoulders. "Don't give up so soon. Lou and I have a great idea."

The girls' faces brightened. "So what's the idea?" they both chorused.

Lou started to work the buttons on the front of Laurie's frilly blouse. "Let's get you out of your things and we'll show you."

"First tell us what you two horny guys have thought up," Laurie said, slapping lightly at Lou's undoing fingers.

"Okay, okay," Lou laughed. He gave her formidable boob a playful squeeze and said, "Instead of two of us going into the bedroom and two of us staying here on the sofa, we're all going into the bedroom."

"How's that going to help?" one of the Hill sisters asked.

"Mark will try it with Peggy while Laurie and I watch."

"Oohh, that's *sick*," Peggy said. "We may as well call it quits, fellas."

"No wait," Laurie said. "Maybe they've got something. Maybe watching you will turn me on. Then I can do it with Lou and you can watch. Don't you see, if it works we can kill ourselves with sex."

"What a way to go," the fellows laughed.

"Yes, yes," Peggy agreed. "What a way to go."

"Then you'll do it?" the guys asked.

"What do we have to lose?" Peggy Hill wanted to know.

Mark undressed Peggy slowly, with Lou looking on and his temperature rising considerably. Laurie also had her eyes glued to the action, but her face remained impassive.

Lou cleared his throat when Mark removed Peggy's bra. When Mark slipped Peggy's bikini panties down her tanned thighs, Lou had trouble breathing. Laurie glanced at Lou and made a *so what* gesture with her hands.

Mark had Peggy Hill flat on her back on the bed, with both her wondrous boobs pointing toward the ceiling. His mouth went to them as his hands moved to the short curly hair between her thighs. A few minutes later he slipped his body between her legs and was seeking to penetrate.

Laurie called out to her sister, "How are you doing, Peg?"

Peggy Hill replied with a noncommittal, "Okay, I guess."

"This just is not going to work, fellows," Laurie Hill said. "Lou is so horny right now he'd jump a pidgeon, I suppose. As for me . . . well . . . it's a big nothing."

"Gee, girls, maybe we could think of something else," Mark said.

"No." Laurie shook her head. "You've tried. You guys really have tried. But it's been of no use. Maybe it's our chromosomes or something. We'll just have to look for new partners."

"Laurie is right," Peggy agreed with her sister.

"Aw, c'mon, girls. We'll come up with something else. You'll see," Mark pleaded.

"No. This is it. The end. But we won't leave you guys like this. You two are so horny right now that you'd probably go out and rape a bear or something. Can't have that on our consciences, you know. We'll let you ball us and then we'll say goodbye."

Laurie had her curvy body out of her clothes and quickly joined her sister and Mark in bed.

"Come on, Lou. Let's get with it," she urged. Laurie made an attempt to look happy, but her sadness showed through.

Mark was on top of Peggy Hill and pounding away at her limp form.

Lou was now on top of Laurie Hill and pounding away at her limp form.

Just then the sound of a neighbor's turned-up stereo blasted into their eardrums. It was hard rock and it was loud! *Very loud!*

Peggy Hill's body jerked in tune with the music. Her breathing was no longer normal. She was moaning passionately. Her arms tightened around Mark.

Laurie Hill's hips had suddenly come to life. They moved like they had never moved before. Her form was jerking so spasmodically that it was a wonder she didn't throw her pelvis out of place.

Mark and Lou had all to do to hold onto their wildcats.

Mark looked to Lou and mouthed a, *what's happening?*

Lou began to laugh as he sang out with, *"The hills are alive with the sound of music."* □

"So I thought on the job training . . ."

KATHERINE

Katherine, a sweetheart from the Southwest, is making her first visit to the East Coast. She intends to continue her modeling career here while completing her studies in interior decorating. Ambitious Katherine is quite serious about making a mark in the decorating field and is putting in plenty of hard work each day. "Interior decorating is a highly competitive field," she told us, "but I think I've got what it takes. "Judging from her shapely ex-

terior, we'd say Katherine has what it takes to decorate any room. Even the barest, emptiest room seems nearly complete when Katherine steps in.

"It's time for a revolution in interior decorating," Katherine said. "Everybody in the field is harping on antiques and nostalgia, but that's not where it's at. There are so many new products of the industrial age that haven't been employed in decorating at all. Some people seem to think that modern decorating lacks warmth and a 'homey' feeling, but that's not necessarily the case." Katherine's warm personality as well as her fantabulous figure, helped convince us of her argument.

Katherine already has an offer to help design a movie set for a science-fiction flick set in the year 3000. "This could be my big break," she excitedly said. "I'm really looking forward to it."

Katherine has been modeling, as we said, to finance her decorating studies, but plans to give it up once her career really starts cooking. From what we hear, that ought to be soon, so we're glad we grabbed this chance to photograph delightful Katherine before she disappears from circulation. She might become out of sight, but with that shape, she'll never be out of mind. □

What was her secret? Where did she learn to keep a guy dangling—to be so sexy and yet so impersonal?

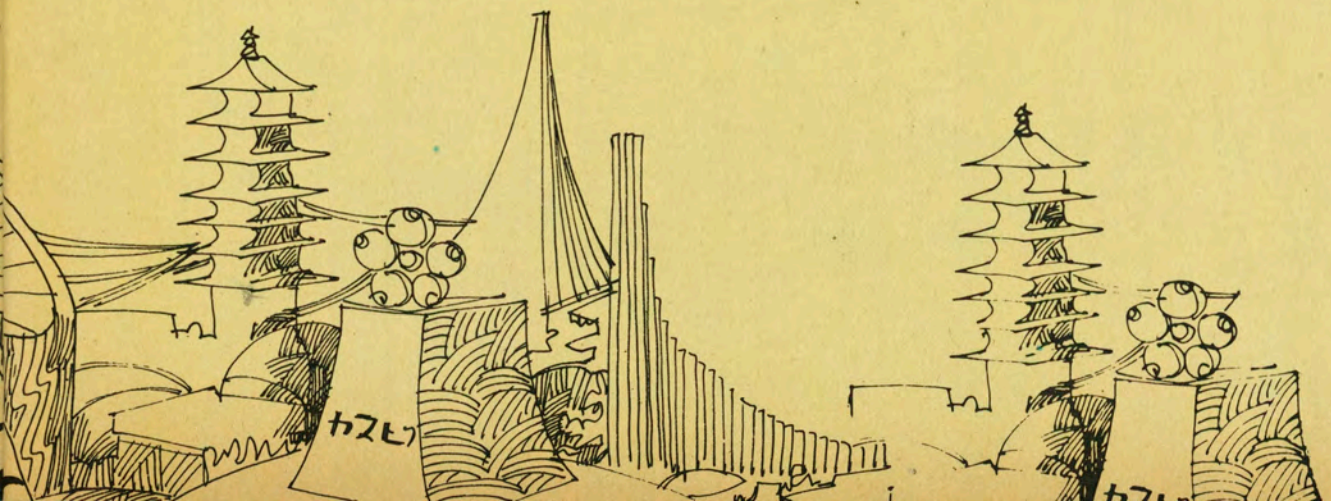
The Many Faces of Momoko

by John Keefauver

It was this almost inhuman power of hers that kept me coming back to Momoko for a Japanese bath, this ability she had of keeping a situation that was steaming with sensuousness somewhere between the pitter-pat of a tea party and the fleshland of a whorehouse scene. A woman with the savoir-faire of a madam with a PhD, Momoko, in her bathhouse, was a combination of God, Freud, Little Orphan Annie and Raquel Welch. I met this remarkable girl one rainy night in Tokyo after a kimonoed young lady had led me down a bathhouse corridor laced with men's shoes. Stopping in front of one room, she knocked at the door, then motioned for me to take off my shoes. The door opened and lo! Momoko. Wearing skin-colored shorts that looked as if they'd been fitted by her dermatologist, she was in the just-out-of-college age bracket, sort of the post-graduate Lolita type. A lazy halter, which was doing only a halfway job, held in her hand-size topside. Flowing out from under halter and shorts was a honey body that murmured hi and strongly hinted yes. I had the definite feeling that if I touched her my fingers would disappear into something like melted butter. The whole wonderful womanly apparatus was suspended from high-up cheekbones, above which a pair of coal eyes threw welcoming fire at me. Standing in the doorway with swirling bathroom steam behind her, she was like some goddess inviting me into a friendly hell. I went.

Momoko's playpen wasn't much bigger than a king-sized bed. All for her very own, she had a wooden steambox, a seemingly bottomless tub, a little stool, and a massage bench that, unfortunately, had on it a very sturdy, very hard, very single mattress. Hovering over all was steam—both Momoko's and

(continued on page 59)



PLEASE RING
BELL
IF NO ANSWER
USE KNOCKER.

GEM'S RATED X DIGEST

By Paul Steiner

Your favorite magazine is continuing its regular roundup of some of the raciest, wildest, sexiest bits of action and dialogue from current films, plays, on and off-Broadway, nightclubs and the arts, with special stress on quick snatches from the flicks. Hold on, here we go:

In Warner Bros.' "Out Time," which deals with early sexual experiences at an exclusive New England girl's school, Pamela Sue Martin shacks up in a Boston hotel for her first experience with a handsome boy from a nearby school. When both are in bed, Pamela reaches up to the night-table and nervously starts to rip open a small package. "They're not mints," interrupts her lover, "they're rubbers!"

Fashion shows, too, are getting more and more adult. When a large department store presented its newest line, the lady commentator intoned about a see-through black lace gown, "It's been called the 'humpiest dress in town'."

Jacqueline Fogel, who uses many organ-like shapes in the polychrome sculptures she exhibits at Euerbach Fine Art Gallery, describes one such piece with: "The myth that man is superior to woman is a phallusy."

Claude Berri's "Le Sex Shop," is very, very now and very French. His sex shop is so complete, it even carries male chastity belts! In one scene, an aggressive young hooker outside the shop is told by a browser that he'd rather buy a titillating book than patronize her. Why? "It costs less and lasts longer!" he explains. And a lesbian store clerk sweetly bids the owner goodnight with, "Kiss your wife for me."

In Paul Mazursky's "Blume in

One of the paintings from Vidja's recent exhibit, "Women: The Way We Are" at the Galerie Taj-Caribe.

In this scene from "Sugar Hill," a baron is taking his prospective bride down to the netherworlds.

A reverse strip scene from the French film, "Le Sex Shop," featuring Nathalie Deron and Claude Berri who not only stars in the comedy but also wrote and directed it.

Love," one character is heard to remark, "Only rapists and Catholics don't use birth control." In an amusing scene, George Segal's law partner fumes at him, "You didn't take our secretary home to take dictation—you took her home to get laid." When Segal travels to Italy and sits in an outdoor cafe, a sexy waitress asks him, "What would you like to have?" And he replies: "Sex!"

The flick, "I could Never Have Sex With Any Man Who Has So Little Regard For My Husband," is based on Dan Greenburg's novel "Chewsday: A Sex Novel." (Chewsday, a pungent pun, refers to the day a certain swinging couple chooses new sex partners for their divertissement.) Complains a bored husband: "The trouble with just one sex partner is that it's always the same time, the same place, the same position." In a dream sequence, a deity reassures a sexually-timid soul: "adultery can be equated with, say, parking in a No-Loading Zone. That's how we up here look at it when you pass through the Pearly Gate." In another scene, the actor who played the rapist in the Broadway production of "Man of La Mancha," is told by a neighbor's wife with whom he's bedded down: "I always require a lot of foreplay." To which he replies: "Come on, my wife and your husband just went out shopping—they didn't go on a trip around the world!"

In Murray Schisgal's Broadway play, "An American Millionaire," Zero Mostel's son, Joshua, delivers a package with a ticking time bomb to Paul Sorvino, the millionaire, who holds it close to his body, then confides to his pal, Bob Dishy: "I'm getting sexually excited for my wife—it's a miracle!"

Wacky, wild, campy is Mel Brooks' flick, "Blazing Saddles," a Western spoof. At a town meeting an anguished citizen complains about a villainous gang that's trying to take over the town, "People are being stampeded and the cattle raped. . ."

Ringo Starr plays a villain in "Blindman," in which beautiful girls are imported from Europe to be sold to settlers in Mexico, but are abducted by bandits.

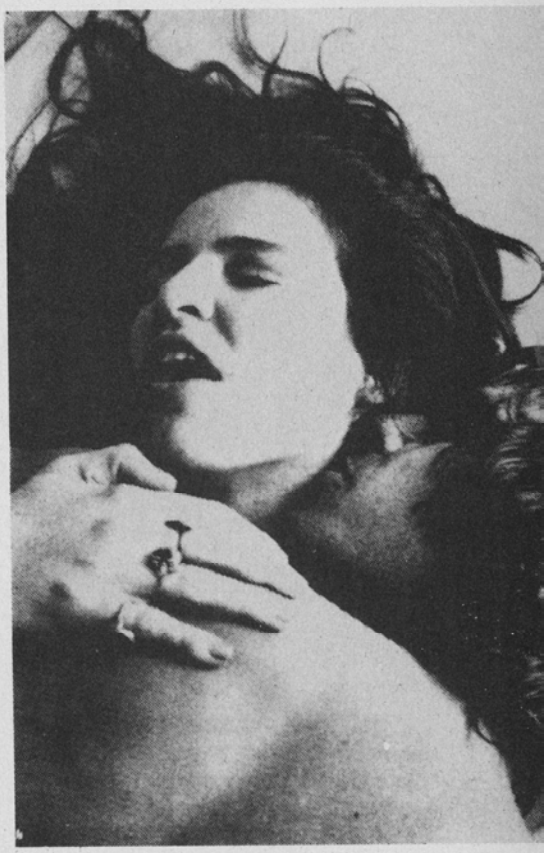
You may have seen heartshaped black and red embroidered patches that read: "New York Is For Lovers," "Virginia Is For Lovers," etc. A wide-awake firm has now updated this novelty item with their own version which reads: "Vagina Is For Lovers."

In UA's "Cops and Robbers," a zany comedy, a guy boasts, "I've got some balls—they climb when I walk!"

In Paramount's French import "Paul and Michele," a young guy who's been surprised across the street with a chick by his girlfriend, alibis, "Would you rather I'd screwed her in our own bed?"

Line from "The Christian Licorice Store," which stars Beau Bridges, Maud Adams and Gilbert Roland: "I think the nicest things in life happen when you're completely naked."

Henny Youngman claims the difference between streaking and strutting is about three inches."



New Yorkers were treated to another Erotic Film Festival and most of the pictures lived up to expectations. Among the standouts was "Rainbow's Children."

KELLY

"Has anyone here seen Kelly, Kelly with the green necktie,"—did you ever hear that old tune? Well, we reckon that plenty of guys will be out looking for Kelly after this ish hits the

Gem
of the
Month

stands. Kelly is a lovely, buxom colleen of Irish descent whose popularity should soon reach from Dublin to Dallas, where she currently resides. We first ran into this fine broth of a lass at "The Bells of Hell" in New York, an Irish bar where musicians frequently gather to play and sing the traditional music of Eire. While two fellows gave a stirring rendition of "The Patriot Game," we noticed voluptuous Kelly unpacking a fiddle over in the corner. We couldn't help but drool into our Guiness when she mounted the stage and launched into an exciting performance of "The Reel of Mullinavat."

Kelly left the stage to tumultuous applause.

We soon struck up a conversation with her and suggested that she pose for us. She explained that she'd love to but was only in town for a couple of days, after which she was returning to Dallas. A few quick phone calls were made and a session was set for the following day.

"I'm a bit nervous," Kelly admitted as our cameraman set up. "This is a new experience for me. I might calm down some if I fiddled a tune. You don't mind, do you?" Being aficianados of traditional dance music, we were glad to be offered another opportunity to hear Kelly's great fiddling. She launched into a rousing rendition of "McDrinkwell's Favorite

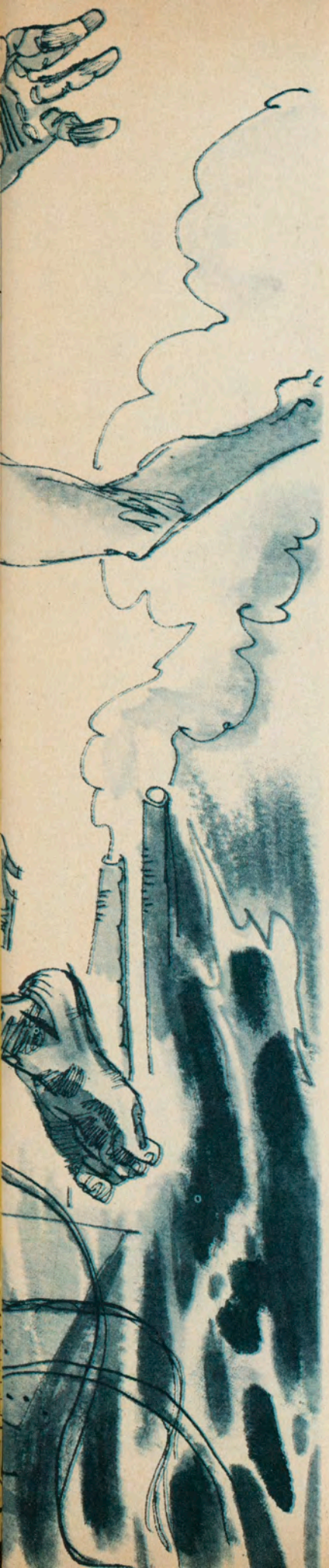
Reel." "This was one of the great Michael Coleman's tunes," she explained. "He never recorded it himself. I learned it from some of the gang over at 'The Bells'." Coleman himself once played the fiddle that Kelly now owns, making it her most prized possession. As far as we're concerned, she's got two other prize possessions that we're more enthusiastic about. If you've been keeping abreast of the photos on these pages, you'll know what we're talking about.

During poses, Kelly revealed that she's a sun worshiper. Perhaps this explains her sunny disposition, for to tell the truth, and this is no

blarney, she is one of the most pleasant gals we've ever had the good fortune to meet. Frankly, we were so smitten, we offered her a diamond ring. She took one look at it and shoved it back, explaining it was a phony Irish diamond—a sham rock. Her lovely blue eyes twinkled as she told us to make sure we didn't drop it . . . or we might have seven years of bad luck.

We know that the folks in Dallas will be glad to have this full-figured fiddle player back. There are plenty of guys down that way who are aching to fiddle around with her, but Kelly explained to us that she's engaged. All we can say is that we're green with envy of the lucky guy. □

DYNAMO DICK



THE ELECTRONIC STUD

By Keith Hall, Jr.

He had tapped vast power which would bring about an explosion in sex. The big bang was coming!

Dear Pixley,

Have a new invention guaranteed to pique your interest. In fact, it is the pique of my success. (Get it? Ha ha ha.) See you tomorrow.

Pique-a-boo, (Get it? Ha ha ha.)

Rod

With a feeling of despair, I put the note down. So Rod La Rod had another invention, huh? Oh, no! Not again! In all fairness, I had to admit my friend probably had one of the crack brains in the world, invention-wise. Of course an argument could be made that he also had one of the cracked brains (now he had me doing it) in the world as well. He was brilliant, no doubt. It was just that his inventions were, well, a little strange. Who else but Rod La Rod would have dreamed up an electric whip? Who else would have cooked up a martini with an aspirin in it so as to prevent a hangover? And of course there was the reuseable toilet paper. Obviously he didn't make any money off these gadgets. But then, he didn't really need to. He was as wealthy as a maharajah, so he just went from one little fandango to another, an explosion here, an explosion there, spreading cheer to all around him.

I was one of his few friends, as you might imagine, so whenever he came up with one of his hot ideas, he was hell bent for leather to show it to me. I gave up a long time ago trying to tell the truth about his stuff. He was sure his inventions would make the world a better place to live in, and that was that. I could only sit back and wait for the next disaster. This time I didn't have to wait too long. The next day, bright and early, the doorbell rang. I knew who it was by the "shave-and-a-haircut,-bay-rum" way the bell rang.

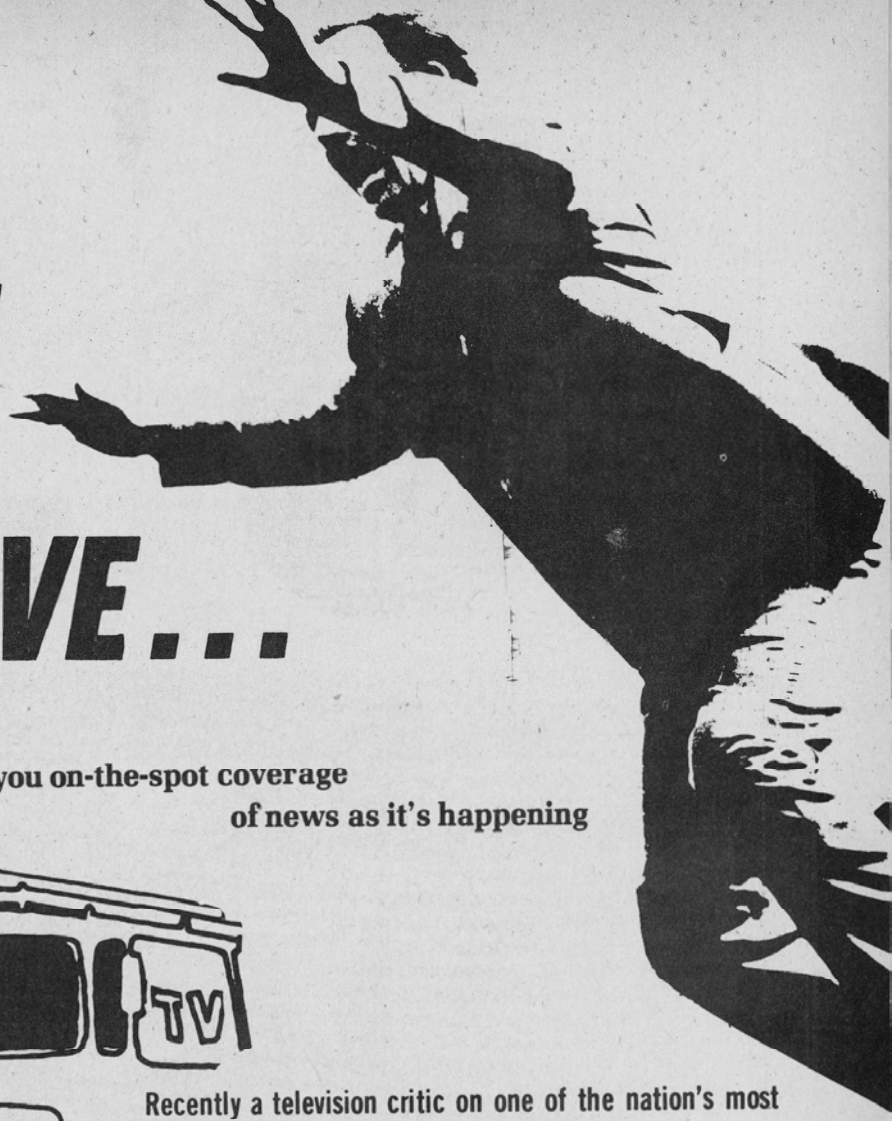
"Pixley, Pixley, how are tricksly?" chortled Rod as he breezed through the door. "My my, you're looking rather pale. Don't you get out anymore?"

"I'm afraid to show my face after that adhesive suit you made for me fell apart on

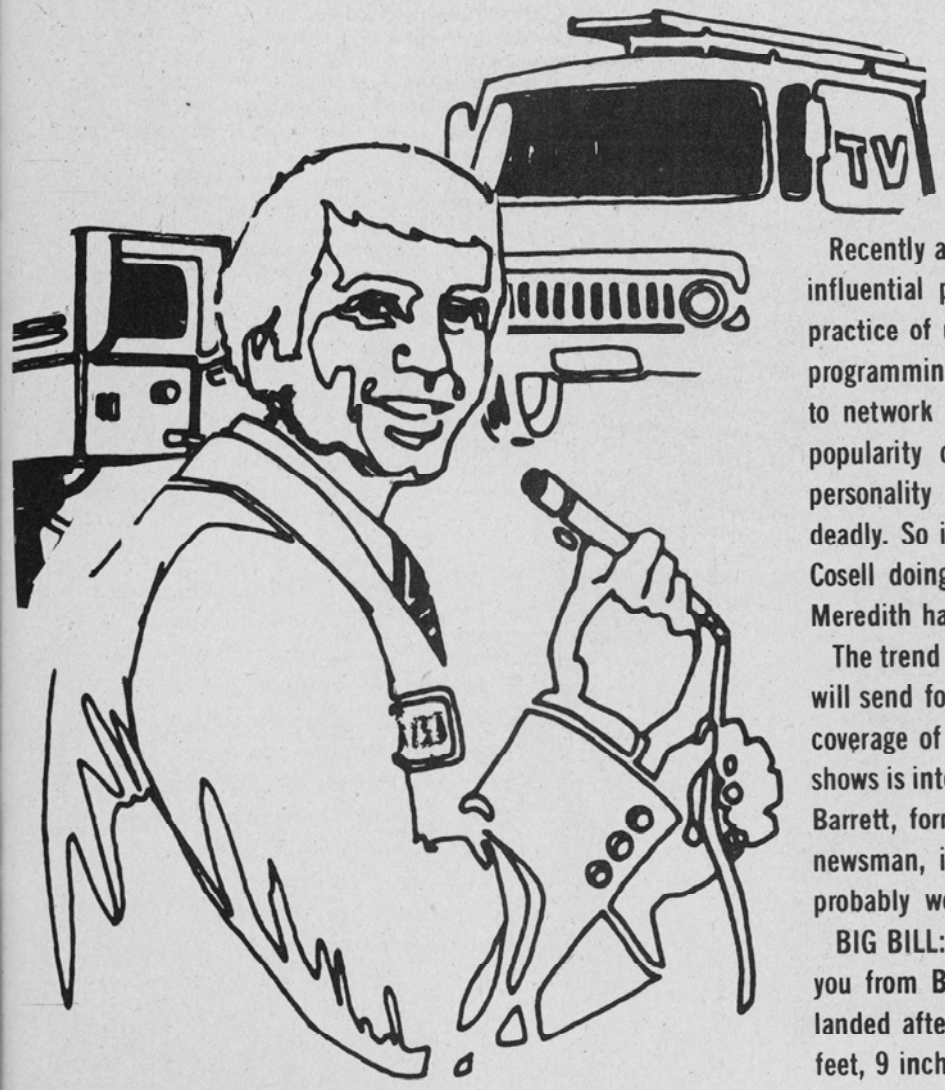
(*continued on page 67*)

by Jess Key

AND NOW, COMING TO YOU LIVE...



A sports great turned announcer brings you on-the-spot coverage of news as it's happening

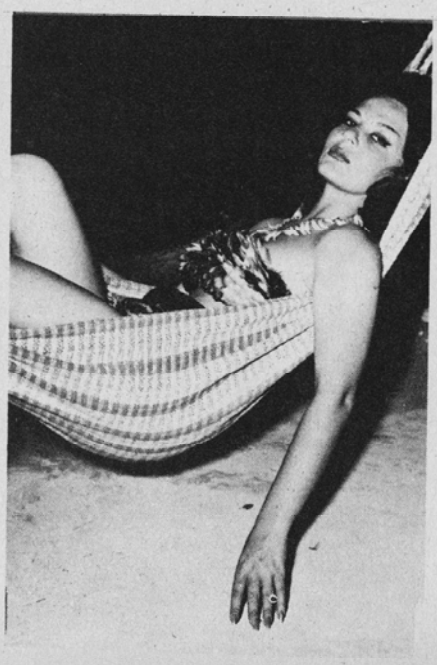


Recently a television critic on one of the nation's most influential papers deplored the latest trend in TV, the practice of using sports figures in various other areas of programming whether they are qualified or not. Referring to network executives, the critic said: "Because of the popularity of sports, whenever they can fit a sports personality into a show, they do, even if the result is deadly. So instead of giving ball scores, we find Howard Cosell doing a two-step on Dean Martin's show or Don Meredith hamming it up something awful on TV Times."

The trend undoubtedly will continue. Soon the networks will send former sports greats to handle live, on-the-spot coverage of news events. The ratings battle among news shows is intense and the insertion of someone like Big Bill Barrett, former defensive tackle for Comatose State as a newsman, is sure to hypo the Nielsen figures. Big Bill probably would handle it something like this:

BIG BILL: Hi, viewers. This is Big Bill Barrett talking to you from Broadway and 234th Street where a man has landed after his stove blew up, sending him flying 145 feet, 9 inches through the air—a new national record for

(*continued on page 56*)



From top left, reading clockwise: the Plaza de Independencia, (the main square) in Quito, the "Jewel of the Andes"; a frisky Latin lovely; a scene at the airport in Cuenca as bare-foot Indian women watch planes refuel after a flight to nearby oilfields; another Ecuadorian beauty; and finally, oil drillers at Santa Cecilia in the dense jungles of Ecuador.

The discovery of "black gold" jolted Equador into the 20th century and now its capital is jammed with oil executives and an over-supply of lusty girls drawn from all over the world by the lure of millionaire sugar-daddies and free-spending field workers

Swinging Sin Capital
QUITO

By Marcus Whiting

Ever since the great Liberator, Simon Bolivar, threw the conquering Spaniards out of Ecuador back in the nineteenth century, this tiny country located on the West coast of South America between Colombia and Peru, has been nothing more than a sleepy little banana republic. Like many other Central and South American countries, where time has little meaning and progress is all but unheard of, the good people of Quito, second highest capital in the world at an elevation of 9,300 feet, clustered around the Plaza de Independencia, wrapped in woolen ponchos to ward off the biting cold and passed the time of day doing little more than twiddling their toes and listening to the toll of the church bells. But just three years ago, something happened that jolted Ecuador into the twentieth century. A couple of American prospectors combing the jungle areas along its northern frontier discovered oil. Geologists flocked into the country by the hundreds and after extensive surveys came to the conclusion that a huge underground lake of "black gold," even richer than the deposits in Venezuela, was there for the taking.

With literally billions of dollars up for grabs, it was inevitable that the major oil companies of the world would move in, and they did. Currently, eleven companies, including Texaco, Shell, Anglo-Ecuadorian and Shenandoah are working around the clock, prospecting for new oil deposits, constructing storage tanks and have just recently completed a pipeline, at a cost of a half-billion dollars, which today carries the crude oil from the jungle across the snow-capped Andean peaks to the Pacific Coast where it is transported by tankers to oil-hungry countries around the world.

To date, over 10,000 young Americans—riggers, drillers, and roustabouts, all of them earning over $1,500 a month—are currently working in this new and highly profitable venture. Because of the inaccessibility of the oil fields located in mountainous jungle terrain, a fleet of approximately a thousand helicopters, second in number only to those used in Vietnam at the height of the war, are flying in materials and equipment to the various jungle communities that have sprung up as the result of this big boom.

The hotels in Quito are jammed with oil executives, mostly Texans, easily identified by their big white Stetsons, high-heeled boots, and an air of affluence. But even more exciting are the thousands of young birds who have been drawn to this once sleepy banana republic by the sweet smell of oil, the lure of millionaire sugar-daddies, and free-spending field workers. Every bar, nightclub and hotel lobby is bursting apart at the seams with pulchritudinous females, all of them on the make for a fast buck. Long-stemmed blonds from England, blue-eyed Dresden dolls from Germany, and of course, an overwhelming contingent of D-cup dollies from the States. Competition is fierce. Even the local senoritas, who previous to the oil boom, would never dare to appear in

(continued on page 70)

LISA

When we found out that the great Lisa was in town for a fitting, we were fit to busting with excitement and rushed over to the dressmaker's with our photographer. After all, it's only fitting that Lisa should once again appear in our mag, for she possesses that super BUF figure that we're all hooked on. The dressmaker brought out a batch of new materials, and Lisa chatted with us as

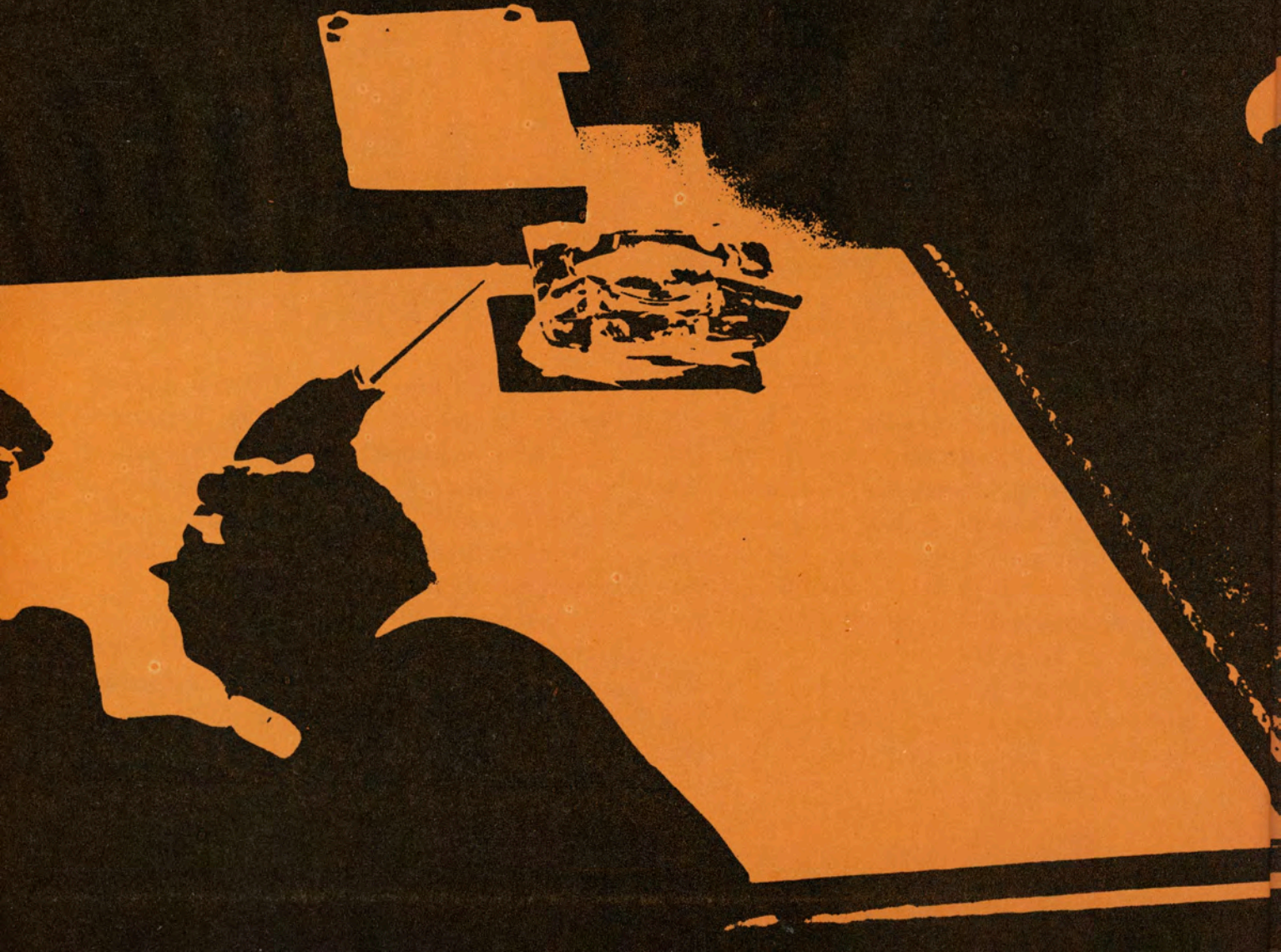
measurements were taken. "It's about time I got some new duds," she said. "I like to get out and put on my glad rags now and then, but there's practically nothing left in my wardrobe. I'm having things made here in a variety of styles—for my different moods. I've ordered an Indian sari, an African dashiki and a Victorian dress as well as some of the latest styles, something for every occasion.

Lisa currently is making her home in New Jersey where she's taking graduate courses in psychology. An avid disciple of R. D. Laing, she plans a career in the field of psychotherapy. In addition to her studies in psychology, she is also taking a course in flourescent sculpture, an art form that only goes back a decade or so. We haven't seen any of her work, but if it can brighten things up as much as Lisa herself it's bound to be a hit.

"I can't wait till these dresses are ready," Lisa said, "to see how I'll look in them." We're sure Lisa will look great in her new clothes but one fact is dead certainty—she looks terrific out of them. □

An Everloving Letter

Sometimes its hard for a guy to say what he really feels.
But is it right to write? Let's sneak a look . . .



by J. R. Keit

My Dearest Lenora,

This is indeed the saddest letter I have or will ever have to write, and the most painful as well, for I must now cut out my very heart. Yes, it is as if I were cutting out my heart to have to tell you now that we must never see each other again. I don't know if I will be able to continue this letter. Yes, I must for I have to tell you why I am making this solemn sacrifice. And I implore you to believe, my flower, it is the greatest sacrifice I can make. For last night when you suggested we go shopping this weekend for an engagement ring, I realized how much I love you and I began to fear that I might not be adequate to give you the total happiness I know you deserve, that I might not be the good man you think me to be.

No, please do not contradict me, because it is true. You knew my vile reputation when we firrst met at that Christmas party; how people used to call me "The Wolfman" or "Make Out Mike." It was true, and I think you realized it when I first asked you out after the party. I badgered and pleaded and cajoled, but you held your ground, and I was impressed by your firmness.

But then, of course, I changed. Yes, dearest Lenora, your purity and virtue cleansed my evil soul and changed me into a new man, a man who wanted only to settle down and make one woman happy—you, Lenora. And that is why it is so painful that I must part with you now, my dearest one, because I now realize that I would never be able to be the husband you deserve.

Oh, how clearly I remember the night I promised to marry you. We were having a cozy candlelight dinner in my apartment. I can still taste the French champagne, the lobster, the brandy; I can still see you in that lavender dress, the one with the low neckline. How lovely you looked. I remember that after dinner I just couldn't take my eyes off of your lovely self. I knew I must make you mine. Do you remember that little game we played where I pretended to chase you around the apartment, trying to rip off your dress, and you pretended to try to get away from me? I really fooled you into thinking I was serious, didn't I. It was then that you said that you were not that kind of girl, and that you could only do "those things with the man I marry." Suddenly, Lenora, I know that I wanted to be he; I wanted to be your husband, the man to take you into his arms and share his life with you forever.

And after I promised I'd marry you, wasn't our life together beautiful? Those weekends at Lake Arrowhead, those long trips to San Francisco, or

just those cozy evenings we'd spend together in my apartment. It was wonderful. I know we never got around to setting the date for our wedding or make a formal announcement or buying the ring, but how am I supposed to remember all these details when life is so exciting and wonderful? Too wonderful to last I suppose.

So last night after you cried and insisted that we set an absolute date and buy the ring, I took stock of myself. I really was brutal and unsparing, and I realized that as much as I love you, my precious lily. I can never give you the happiness you deserve. I am a restless man, Lenora, and I know you would always be afraid that I might be chasing other women. Just two weeks ago when Betty told you that she'd supposedly seen me out with Susie Kent, you believed her even though I insisted Betty must be mistaken. Would I want to cheapen myself with a tramp like Susie Kent when I have someone as sweet and dear as you? Certainly not, but your fear and suspicion would always be between us, poisoning our relationship. So I feel it best to spare you this future pain and anguish by breaking it off now.

God knows how difficult it is going to be for me. I'm sure I'll never get over it. I feel the only way to save my sanity is to try to completely erase you from my mind. Therefore, I beg you, please don't write or call me; the pain would be too great. I've asked to be transferred to one of our firm's other branches, far, far away where I'll try to forget. I may even have to change my name or join the Foreign Legion. Anything to keep me from going to pieces.

So good-bye, my sweet. I know that you'll get over it soon, for I am really not worth the tears of a beautiful rose like you. Don't worry, either, my dear. I'm sure your period will start very soon, probably any day now. It is, no doubt, all this excitement which has delayed it so long. Farewell, my dearest love. Though I be gone from you, your love and spirit will always live in my heart.

Adieu,
Your Michael □

"COMING TO YOU LIVE..."

continued from page 47

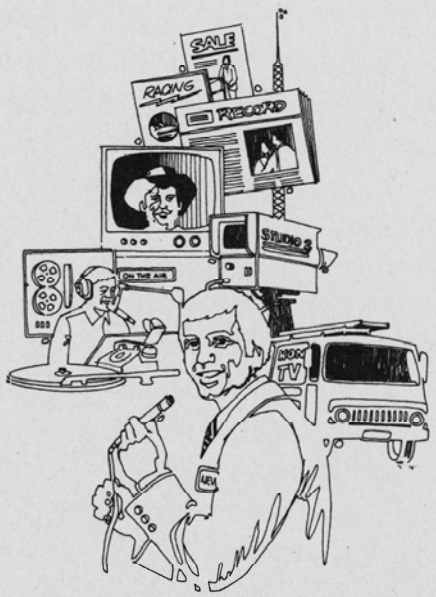
the event. Golly, there's a good turnout here today. Maybe 500 spectators looking against a colorful background of firemen working feverishly to extinguish the blaze in what had been this man's residence. Some nurses and internes are working on the man . . . hey, you . . . you . . . take that big black thing from the guy's face . . . how'm I supposed to talk to him . . . we're on TV . . . righ . . . The man's name is Ed LeBrener. Remember that name, sports fans. Okay, doc, back off . . . Mr. LeBrener, can you hear me? Tap twice if you hear me. Oh, he's nodding, folks. Tell me, Mr. LeBrener, how do you feel to be the holder of the new record for being blown through the air by a stove explosion?

LEBRENER: I'm proud.

BIG BILL: I notice you're lying there in what seems to be considerable pain. Does it hurt?

LEBRENER: Only when I preen.

BIG BILL: Hardiness is a lasting virtue and especially welcome in this day and age. Tell me, were you thinking world's record when you started out on your epic flight?



LEBRENER: Not at all. I was just taking it easy for the first 30 feet, but when I shot past Mrs. Krasnit's second-story window I knew I had a chance.

BIG BILL: I know accident and sports buffs alike will be interested in this. What did you think about while making your historic trip?

LEBRENER: Oh, lots of things. I worried about if I stopped a sneeze half-way through would I be entitled for a full "God Bless You."

BIG BILL: Wonderfully spiritual and uplifting—in a way. Anything else? Nurse . . . get that funny looking thing off his face. How do you expect the viewers to see his face?

LEBRENER: I also considered marketing pre-stained sweatshirts for unathletic guys who want to make out they're athletic. You know, bolstering the ego of the underachievers.

BIG BILL: Noble thought. You're a sportsman and a credit to your race. By the way, what is your race?

LEBRENER: Half-mile low hurdles—while holding a 16-pound shot.

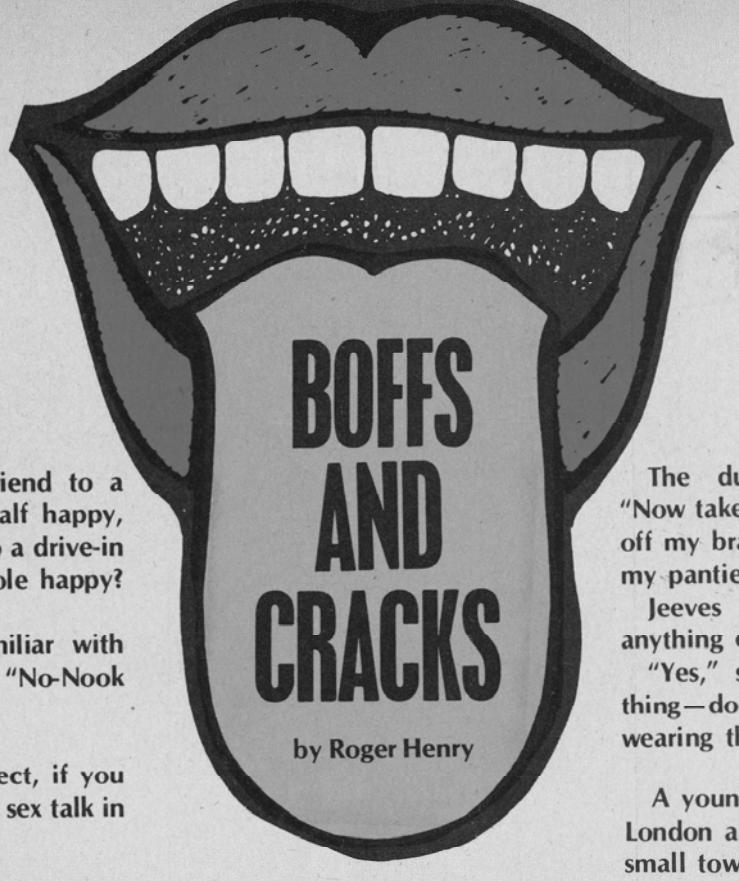
BIG BILL: That's got to inspire hope in any handicapped person. I must say, LeBrener, despite your near tragedy and while you're lying there racked with tremendous pain, you're in wonderful spirits. Why?

LEBRENER: Well, I'll tell you. It's the first time I've been out of the house without my wife in 25 years.

BIG BILL: LeBrener, that's an old joke.

LEBRENER: So is my wife.

BIG BILL: Okay, doc, you can take him away now. Get him out of here. Tune in again tomorrow, action fans, when we will present live, from Times Square, a genuine, full-length mugging performed by two consenting adults. Good-night, sports lovers everywhere. □



BOFFS AND CRACKS

by Roger Henry

Why take your girl friend to a concert and make her half happy, when you can take her to a drive-in movie and make her whole happy?

We're sure you're familiar with that frigid Eskimo virgin, "No-Nook of the North."

And while on the subject, if you don't know what they call sex talk in Japan—it's Nooky-Yakky.

Which brings to mind the Japanese warrior who tried to commit hari-kiri and missed—now he's sort of a sawed-off shogun.

A young fellow fought his way into a packed subway train and was pushed smack up against a curvy young redhead. Several stations later, as he started to get off, she kicked him in the shin. "What the hell did you do that for?" he asked.

"Next time," the indignant girl whispered, "don't start something you can't finish."

Something to think about. A mink coat costs a mink his hide—but it only costs some women a little tail.

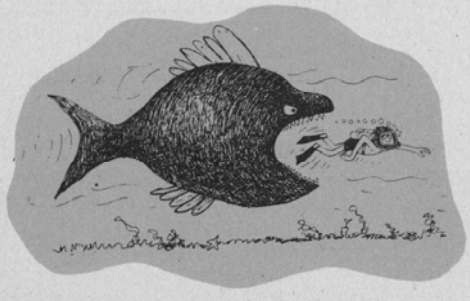
Harken to the sad tale of a very wealthy but aging society matron. Too cheap to hire a gigolo, she seduced the masseur at her beauty salon. For this extra service, she paid nothing above his standard massage fee, ignoring the not too subtle hints he kept making. He was so angry when she left without giving him anything extra for his special efforts that he told her husband about their affair and the furious old guy threw her out without a cent and divorced her. To make matters worse, she soon found herself pregnant and was forced to marry the masseur, a mean, selfish, low-paid guy with bad breath and worse habits. And remember, girls, this can happen to you, too, if you insist on screwing around with no tip to the rubber.

Electric blankets are great for gifts. A fellow bought his girl one, and now she's always asking him to plug her in.

Then there was the guy who dated a bookish librarian until she said she was overdue.

A duchess who was relaxing in her chaise lounge, called her butler and said, "Jeeves, will you take off my dress?"

Jeeves replied, "Yes, your Grace."



The duchess then continued, "Now take off my slip ... now take off my brassiere . . . now take off my panties and stockings."

Jeeves then asked, "is there anything else, your Grace?"

"Yes," she answered, one more thing—don't let me catch you wearing them again!"

A young fellow came back from London and told his friends in the small town he hailed from that he had joined a prostitutes club, and showed them the club card.

"You daft twit," one of his friends said, "that's a parachute club."

"Jeepers," the young guy moaned, "I've signed for 32 jumps!"

There was a piece in a local newspaper about an 80-year old man accused of rape but later acquitted because the evidence wouldn't stand up in court.

A woman at a fancy dress party spoke to a little boy dressed up as Captain Kidd. She asked, "where are your buccaneers"?

And the little boy replied, "under my bucking hat."

A famous Hollywood marriage was breaking up and reporters asked the wife, "What's this we hear about your big split?" She screamed, "Oh, that bastard—he promised to only say we were incompatible!"

The young newlywed took an alarm clock along on his honeymoon—he'd heard that nervous bridegrooms sometimes have difficulty getting up.

"Install your diaphragm, quick!"

MOMOKO'S MANY FACES

continued from page 29

the kind that came off tub water and out of the box. Momoko's was easily the hottest.

"Take off clothes," she said. "All."

She gave me then the first of many come-on grins, stay-away smiles, throaty giggles, laughing nudges, sexy titers, cheery guffaws, old-buddy back slaps, come-on-up-to-my-house pets, this-is-strictly-business handshakes—you name it. This girl mixed up everything in the personal relations department. She not only gave you a bath; she also took you on an emotional elevator ride. You never knew what floor you were on: the roof, where Momoko's personal heaven was; or the cellar, where she kept impersonal files of men customers, in the thousands, I suppose. She had this almost inhuman ability to keep you wondering. Were you simply a piece of dollar-marked meat? Or were you a real live baby doll of hers working up to something better?

I tried to find out the answer during the weeks of going-to-Momoko's. I was an AP man in Tokyo, the whole city was my beat, but I covered the road to Momoko's bathhouse so much that I hardly knew the rest of the town existed. I tripped into her playroom so often that I had steam coming out both my ears. "Hello-sie, Mike, boyfriend," she'd say as soon as she'd see me about to fall through her door. "Hello-sie, hello-sie" came her tinkle, giving me this All-American girl bit, then in the next pant working in her sultry purr, shaking my hand with one dainty paw while petting me on the behind with the other. "Hello-sie, you my boyfriend, you can only stay one hour, take your clothes off, all." Off they'd come, and I'd throw a hairy chest at her as I lumbered to the steam box with my arm around her very firm waist.

She had a definite thing about her waist; she knew exactly where it ended. She showed me one steamy afternoon. She put a finger of mine on her buttery spot where it took off into a hip. "Here," she said, "this waist." Then she guided my friendly finger down and out and around. "Here," she said, "this no-waist." She held my hand on no-waist for a couple of lovely centuries, sighing like a stuck whore. "You hold me on waist all time only, okay?" I said okay, still holding no-waist. As soon as I was safely inside the steam box, only my head sticking out of the outhouse hole on top, she murmured silkily, "I like you hold me there."

"On no-waist?" I said.

"No, no, no, no. Waist." And she giggled and smooched me on the nose.

This sort of thing went on for most of the sixty beautiful minutes I spent getting the Momoko treatment. She hauled me out of the steam box when my neck began to curl, squatted me down on her cute little wooden stool, threw water over me, lathered me merrily (she usually broke into song about here), rinsed me, dropped me into the ear-high bath for soaking, guided me over to the massage mattress, and chattered on in her pidgin English about everything from sex to symphonies as she patted my muscles, decreased my creases, finger-nailed my kidneys, knuckled my sacroiliac, often doing all this with one hand as she held my paw with the other—a chief goddess and creator building me up for the big roller coaster let down that came when she joyfully purred, "Time is go, you go also." Then she'd help me on with my clothes—all of them—accept a pat on the waist, decline one on the no-waist, buzz me one on the same nose, escort me to the front door of the place, and bow me out with "Bye-sie, Mike, boyfriend, come here soon again, I wait for you."

Swell. So I'd stagger off to one of Tokyo's fourteen million bars, belt down half that number of sakes, trade pidgin English with round laughing female barkeeps and narrower bargirls, then stagger home.

As Momoko says, "It hell, me."

Yup. In her playpen Momoko equalled a good helping of hell. And I couldn't get her out of the joint. "You, me, we have date?" I'd mumbled between many a steam box and massage table.

"Have date with boyfriend only. Have one boyfriend only."

"Me boyfriend."

"Have boyfriend for date only. You bath boyfriend only." And she'd give a tinkling laugh and flip soapsuds in my face. "It good, boyfriends, girlfriends, you think?"

"I think you and me should be better boyfriend, girlfriend."

"Better?"

I let a soapy hand mosey over to her no-waist. "Better."

She pulled it up to waist. "Better is not for bath boyfriend. Better is for date boyfriend only."

"I become date boyfriend only, you think?"

She laughed, ho ho. "Sometime, maybe."

"Soon?"

She gave her hips a twirl, deliberately shaking my hands down onto the no-waist region. "You like my waist, it good?"

"Soon?"

"Hurry, hurry, you customer, must go," and splash! the rinse water came, along with more gobs of much ho-ho laughter.

Swell.

I tried waiting out front of the bathhouse for her until the place closed up. But the doors were locked and I never saw one of the massage girls come out, much less Momoko. They must have had a tunnel leading out of the joint.

I tried offering her a giant-size tip, suggesting that, hell, I had lots more of the stuff, ought to be spent, she might as well help me, say?

"Mike, boyfriend, no. You no pay me big tip. You boyfriend."

"No customer anymore?"

She was helping me tuck in my shirttail. "You customer boyfriend." She patted my boyish rear. "Very good waist, you think?"

"I think, swell."

I also thought it was about time I found another bathhouse. But as a parting shot, as they say, I decided to take one more bath in Momoko's steamy parlor. During sudsy time I

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would simply ask her how she did it. "Momoko, customer girlfriend," I say, "how did you get this ability to keep a man suspended between sex and soap? What education prepared you, O Momoko, so that you can keep a man coming back for more when he doesn't even know what he has had, much less what he's coming back for? Where did you learn this balance, O Goddess of the Bath?"

So I asked her, in somewhat of a less poetic way, repeating it a few times, of course.

"It easy," she shrugged, helping me out of my pants. "First time, I work in store with men. Put clothes on them, take clothes off them, Like do here now. It easy."

Like old pals, we walked to the steam box, arm in arm, as if we were strolling down cherry blossom lane.

"In a store?" I asked politely.

"Clothes store."

That figured, sort of. Clothes off and on in a clothes store. Right up on the counter probably. These Japanese and their sales pitch; Madison Avenue could learn a lot.

"In glass . . . in window, you know," she plunged on.

First I was puzzled. Then I understood. She was talking about dressing and undressing mannequins. I told her about the word. "It easy," she said.

"Maybe, but how did you learn about this from that?" Then I explained, in a few hundred words, what I meant by "this and that."

"It easy." She gave me a buttery kiss on the old nose *just before* she let me out of the steam box. "I learn be friendly this way when I put clothes on man, take them off also. I proud of work also." She sat me on the same old cute stool and threw the same old cute water over me.

"Okay, okay, I know · you're friendly. But you're also kind of unfriendly, in a sense. Impersonal, sort of."

She shrugged as she lathered my AP body. "I no can be personal with mankin." She giggled hilariously. "No, no, no, no, Mike. With boyfriend only, you know." She washed me off, using both water and wild snickers.

I gathered she was telling me that she had learned both friendly approach and impersonal detachment from the mannequin scene. I questioned her, and damn if I wasn't right. But I pushed on. There must be more. I was right again.

"Second time, I work in big restaurant. It easy. I put vegetable in steam box to cook him."

"Like here?" I nodded toward the box I'd just been cooked in, feeling a trifle uncomfortable.

"Almost," she said. It was the first time I'd heard her use that word. It fitted her. "I learn be friendly to vegetable when I put him in steam box, he going be cooked dead, so sorry. Like here," she said joyously.

I gave her a wild nod, then prompted her on the impersonal balance of the picture, having a pretty good idea what her answer was going to me.

"Mike, boyfriend, I no can be personal with vegetable." Her fingers sinking nail-deep into my chest mat, she was guiding me to the tub, as if I didn't know the way. "You want hear third time?"

I told her I'd be proud to.

"I tell you one time I go California. I work in poodle house. I wash poodles." She let loose a combined sultry hiss and giggle ripple as she worked one thumb through my chest growth. "Ooooooo, you are like poodle, Mike, boyfriend. I wash you also, you think?"

"So you learn be friendly to poodles also." I was anxious.

"Oh, yes, yes, Mike, boyfriend. They nice, like you." She was hand-lapping water around my neck. "I learn how be friendly so poodles stand still, no bite."

"Like me?"

"Oh, Mike, boyfriend, yes, like you. You poodle boyfriend."

"Sure. I also think you learn no can be personal with poodle."

"Oooooo, yes, Mike, boyfriend, no." She let go a throaty cackle, a cheery guffaw and two winks, all at the same time. "Oh, Mike, boyfriend, you so nice."

Swell.

"Fourth time, last time, I come back Tokyo. You come now massage table, I tell you it."

"Tell me here," I barked. I was feeling a bit peevish.

"You come massage table." She was pulling me by chest hair, so I yelped and went along. "On stomach," she said as I climbed aboard the mattress. "Tell you fourth time when massage you. It like you," she added mysteriously, going into near hysterics. "Oh, Mike, boyfriend, you nice."

She began knuckling into the pit of my back, trying to separate bone, skin, muscles, fat, or mixing them all up, I dunno. It sure felt nice. I could have easily gone off into the purring stage except that I was curious about the fourth time. She had built up to it; what was on top?

"So?" I prompted. "Number four?"

"I come back Tokyo, work in same big restaurant."

"Same steam box?"

She shrieked with laughter. "No, Mike, boyfriend. *Second time* I learn how be friendly with vegetable."

"And now you no can be personal with it," I felt obliged to add.

"Yes. But *fourth time* best one for learning work in bathhouse, like massage. Learn best that I no can be personal with my work, like here in bathhouse with you."

"So damn it, what you do in restaurant fourth time?"

Her fingers had left my back and now I felt them waltzing up and around and onto my no-waist. They patted and petted and bounced joyously about, slapping, moulding. So pliable, me.

"Oh, Mike, boyfriend, I massage American hamburger, make it ready in balls for cook." She grabbed fingersfuls of my favorite buttock. "Like this, same thing.

"Oh, Mike, boyfriend, you so nice. But I no can be personal with hamburger, you think?" □

SWEET MUSIC

continued from page 13

With all that music happening around her, it's not surprising that Melisande began playing at an early age. "I was a killer on the slide whistle at seven, and a couple of years later I graduated to the bassoon. In high school I made the Youth Symphony Orchestra and played first chair." We tried to make a

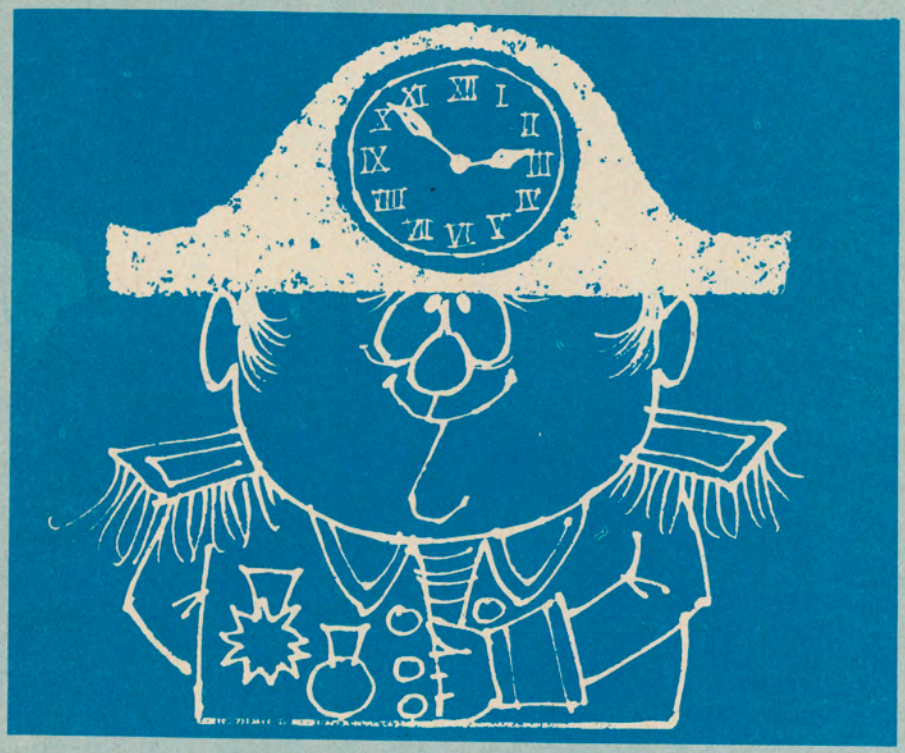
funny that we didn't know she played musical chairs, too, but the gag fell flat, which is just the opposite of Melisande's figure.

While Melisande discussed the bassoon, we couldn't help but admire her bazooms. "The conductor made me stop wearing tight dresses and sweaters because it distracted the other musicians," Melisande confided.

We understand that our photographer is thinking of taking up the triangle and auditioning for the orchestra; funny—he never expressed an interest in music before. But who can blame him? Magnificent Melisande is like beautiful music . . . you just can't get enough of either of them. □

Daffynitions

by Ted Bradley



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ATOMIC MAMA . . . a woman who has been blown into maternity by a guided muscle.

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BOUNCERS . . . topless waitresses on pogo sticks.

CAMPUS SEX KING . . . Magna cum lad.

CANINE BRASSIERE . . . one that makes pointers out of setters.

CHEER LEADERS . . . in college football, girls who wear tight shorts to make the boys' root harder.

CLEFTOMANIAC . . . a female with a breast expulsion compulsion.

CO-ED . . . female college student. At some technical schools, like Georgia Tech or Texas Tech, they are often called Co-Techs.

COMET . . . what he called his girl friend, because she had a heavenly body and a luminous tail.

CUNNING LINGUIST . . . a man well versed in the use of his native tongue.

DAILY DOUBLE . . . the pay off for the bookie who enjoys the landlady in the morning and her daughter at night.

DIVERSION SUBTERFUGE . . . kissing a girl at the top to increase her accessibility at the bottom.

FOOTSIE . . . a game you can take your shoe off and play under the table, proving that nothing pleases a girl like a sock in the puss.

GOSINTITE . . . a toast to the German virgin.

HOMEBODY . . . a girl who is always ready, at anybody's home with any body.

HUMDINGER . . . a girl who starts humming every time she sees a dinger.

"ITSA HERTZ!" . . . what the Italian girl cried when she was being raped in the back seat of a rented car."

MILK DUDS . . . a woman with no bust.

MORALITY . . . a stiffness that moves up to the neck in old folks whose cravings are satisfied.

MORAL TURPITUDE . . . the Graffiti on the washroom wall.

NYMPHOLEPTIC . . . a girl who wants to tackle all evil at the root.

PICKLE TEASER . . . a girl who likes to play post office, but doesn't want to get any mail in her box.

SEXOMYCIN . . .a new wonder drug, it's good for backs that peter out, and vice-versa.

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RIPCORD . . . new TV program that sponsors Tampax.

UNDERBUSH . . . what every man must fight his way through, to get to the promised land. □

THE ELECTRONIC STUD

continued from page 45

Main Street last month."

"Tsk, tsk, Pixley, I guess those clothes didn't SUIT you. Get it? SUIT you. Ha ha ha."

"Yeah, yeah, Rod. Well I'm a little busy today. I have an appointment at my shrink's. I'm going to chance it and go in disguise. So what's the story?"

Rod bubbled around the room in that little prance he did, looked out the window, then skipped nearby where I was standing. "Pixley, old amigo, I have outdone even myself this time."

"I bet."

"Testy, testy. No, Pixley, this time I mean it. I see now that most of my other inventions were . . . shall we say, off the track."

"Off their rocker is more like it."

"Look, Pixley, I'm sorry about that suit. It could happen to anybody."

"Sure, sure."

"I guess you had a clothes call. Ha ha ha. Get it? Ha ha ha."

"Rod. . . ."

"Oh yes, your appointment. Well, as I was saying, I realize that my research was without real merit. . . ."

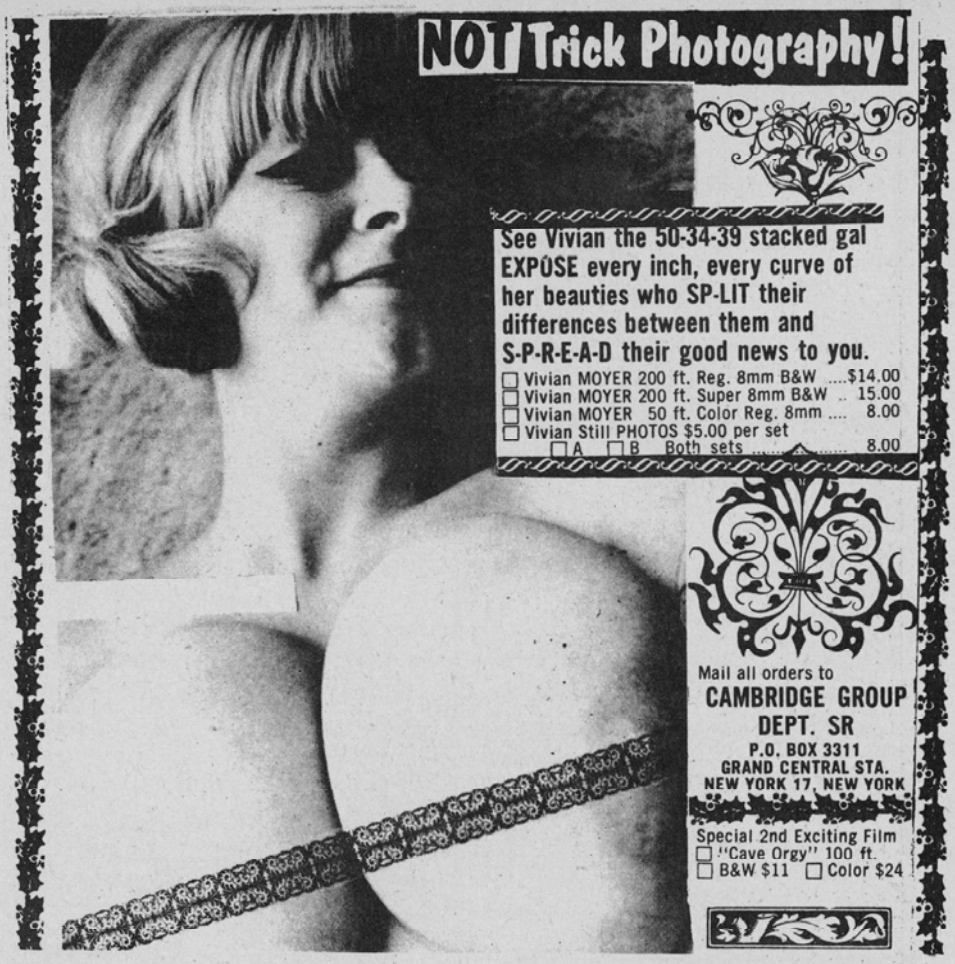
"I'll say."

"Er, yes. Anyhow, I needed a focus, a point of reference, something very tangible."

"Uh huh. So what is it this time, Rod?"

"I have discovered sex."

"No kidding," I frowned. "I hate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to tell you this, Red, but somebody else discovered it a long time ago."

"Now, Pixley, you know what I mean. I mean sex as a point of reference. Something to work on."

"I never really considered it work."

"I mean scientifically. Right now scientific research is going into everything, space travel, crime, cooking, everything. But how about sex?"

"Not right now, Rod. I have an appointment."

"Cut it out. I mean it, Pixley. Nobody ever does any scientific research on sex. Nobody ever applies scientific mechanics to sex."

"Well, Rod, who needs it? I've managed to do pretty well with the meager equipment provided me by Nature."

"You see my point? If man can invent all sorts of electric and mechanical devices to improve his performance in all other things, why not with sex as well?"

"I sort of hate to ask this, Rod," I grimaced, "but I suppose you've already made a step in that field, right?"

"Right on the button, old pal. How did you guess?"

"Just a hunch. Besides you said you had an invention."

"Not an invention, Pixley, THE INVENTION. What do you think it is?"

"I don't want to guess."

"Oh, please."

"A foldaway water bed?"

"Wrong."

"An American tickler?"

"Wrong again, old bean."

"For Pete's sakes. I give up."

"O.K., then get ready for this. An electric organ."

"You mean like a Wurlitzer?"

"No, no, dum dum." Rod looked down at his groin. "An electric organ."

"Holy smoke," I gasped. "You mean . . . ?"

"That's it, amigo."

"That's ridiculous."

"Nonsense. I'm wearing it right now."

"What, are you crazy? You mean you cut off your real . . . ?"

"Certainly not. Do you think I'm nuts. Nuts, get it? Ha ha ha."

"But. . . ."

"I'll explain, since due to modesty, I can't show you." Rod became grave. "Besides, it's sort of jury rigged anyhow. You know how doctors put pacemakers on people hearts to give the heart a boost?"

"Yes."

"I simply applied the same principle to my you-know-what. I am the first electric stud in history."

"Huh?"

"Jealous, old pal? I can understand. Soon everybody will be. And why not? I'll be the envy of every man, the desire of every woman. Unlimited sex, that's what I'll offer. With my new invention, which I think I'll name 'Dynamo Dick' (Get it. Ha ha ha.) I'll have the stamina, the power, the ability to have unlimited sex. Think of of it. Total sexuality. Perhaps I ought to call it the 'Red Booster'."

"Rod, are you sure the world is ready for this?" I groaned.

"I think so. Of course I thought they were ready for the electric whip, too. Well, if they're not ready, I am. Now I'm going to patent my invention."

"I'd like to see their expressions when you whip it out."

"And from there to a small but reputable brothel I know of on South Street. I will proceed to take each of the little doxies, bless their little hearts, and literally wear them out for the day."

"Won't that cost a lot of money?"

"What's money? Besides, they take American Express. Furthermore, what better endorsement than from a group of professionals?"

"I see what you mean."

"Well, I'm off. I wonder what I'll list my invention as at the patent office? I know, I'll call it an automatic screw machine. Get it? Ha ha ha. Say, may I use your rest room before I leave? I'm going to be very busy today, and this may be my last chance."

"Sure, go ahead."

My happy friend strolled off toward my bathroom. "I wonder what slogan I'll use when I market it. I know what song I'll use. 'Penis From Heaven.' Get it? Ha ha ha."

Rod closed the door and started to whistle "Pennies From Heaven." He just may have outdone himself this time, I thought. Suddenly his whistle gave way to a high-pitched scream. My bathroom door splintered as Rod's body came flying backward through the air. He landed on the other side of the room. I ran up to him. He lied there groaning, a big hole in his pants where his fly used to be. Smoke was wafting up from that location.

"Rod, are you all right? What happened?"

"Whew," he gasped.

"Are you o.k.?"

"It only hurts when I scream." Rod didn't move very much.

"What happened?"

Rod looked a little chagrined. "An oversight, I'm embarrassed to say. While I was urinating, the salty solution made a complete circuit when it hit the toilet water. The electricity in my invention supplied the voltage. I don't think I have to tell you what the conductor was."

"I see." I took a pitcher of water and slowly poured it on the smoking area.

"Gently, Pixley, gently. You're playing with some valuable merchandise."

"Gee, Rod, what you are going to do now?"

"Back to the old drawing board, I guess. You can't keep a good—ow, careful—a good man down. It's still a capital idea. It was only the electricity that did me in. Maybe I should try to harness steam power for this thing."

"Steam power! Are you crazy? Steam power!"

"Of course. That's it. Steam. Then we can call it THE STEAM ROLLER HOLE-ER. Get it? Ha ha ha. STEAM ROLLER HO—ow ow ow." □

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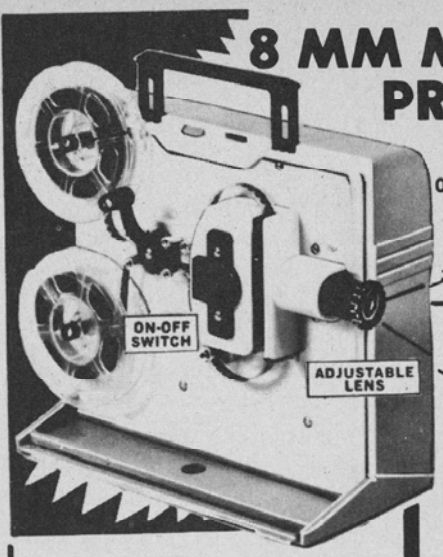

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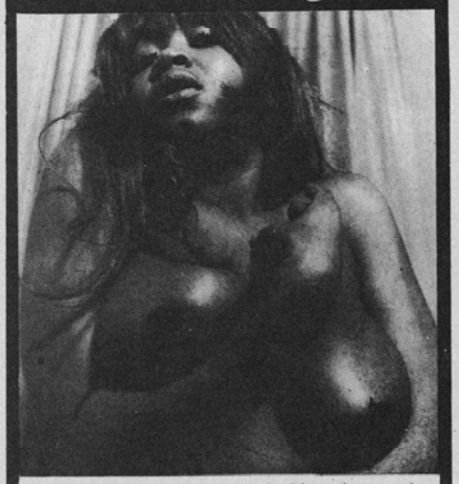

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QUITO: SIN CAPITAL

continued from page 49

public wearing dresses above their knees, are vying with each other in an effort to expose as much of their voluptuous bodies as possible in the hope of attracting a well-heeled foreigner. Thigh-high minis are commonplace. Panties have become obsolete, and bras are strictly passe.

One night, shortly after my arrival, I taxied out to the International Club, a rendezvous where virile young johns on the make can meet hot-blooded chicks on the loose, and for the price of dinner or a drink, a guy can groove all night. I hadn't taken three steps toward a bar stool when a couple of curvy cuties hell-bent for a little sexual excitement grabbed my arms and led me to an empty table in a darkened corner of the room. "Honey, are you in oil?" chirped a shapely blond with bedroom eyes. But before I had a chance to reply, a cute little Indian sexpot, whose pert boobies were clearly visible through a see-thru blouse, placed her sensuous lips close to my ear and whispered: "Hey, man, I'm a bundle of dynamite—why don't you light my fuse!"

Competition was tough, the girls admitted, as they sipped Pisco Sours. "How's a girl ever gonna get a date in this place?" lamented the flirtatious Gwen, who hailed from Galveston. Currently, she was working in the office of Shell Oil Company. "The money's good," she admitted. "I make $185 a week, but money isn't everything. I haven't been sexed for so long I've almost forgotten what it feels like—and man, that ain't good! Of course," she admitted, "I can always go to bed with some of those big-spending pot-bellies, but that's not my idea of fun. I like strong young guys like you," she said, as she placed her warm hand on my inner thigh.

Carla, the dark-haired bundle of dynamite, was equally ready for action. "Do you know," she confided, "that the Incas were the sexiest people in the world, and knew how to make love in 127 positions? I don't want to brag, hombre, but the blood of the Incas runs hot in my veins, and I can give you plenty of what you gringos call action!" Well, it wouldn't have been gentlemanly to choose one of these palpitating females over the other, so after a few more drinks I took both of them back to my hotel room and man, did we ever have a bang out!

But Quito was nothing to what was happening at some of the base camps of the oil companies located in that vast jungle area near the Colombian border where over 10,000 young buckaroos, geologists, chemists, riggers, drillers and roughnecks toiled relentlessly under a sizzling tropical sun. It was not a pleasant place to work. The nearby rivers were filled with gigantic black crocodiles and deadly snakes. The men lived in prefabricated barracks and their food, mail, practically everything they needed, had to be flown in as there were no roads into the interior. Indians using machetes had carved dirt runways out of the jungle wilderness and literally opened the door to dozens of young prosties who swarmed into the area, always on the look-out for a fast buck.

Early one morning a chopper touched down just on the edge of the Texaco compound at San Pedro, and moments later, three gorgeous young babes wearing thigh high minis, clinging cotton sweaters and leather boots, jumped to the ground. The leader of the group, a shapely red-haired "Gringa" who hailed from Philadelphia, stood there momentarily surveying the scene, and seconds later, the three of them began unloading the "tools" of their trade consisting mostly of canvas cot beds, cotton blankets, douche bags and other accoutrements generally associated with a house of prostitution. Before night had fallen, they had pitched a large tent, the interior of which was curtained off into three small cubicles. Nor did they have to wait long for business. Immediately after lunch, the oil men began lining up in front of their

canvas pleasure palace, and needless to say, business was brisk. At one time during that first evening, over 200 men stood patiently in line, waiting for their chance to bring in a "gusher."

According to a driller whom I met while visiting San Pedro, the men were all so sex-hungry that not one of them spent over five minutes inside the tent. "Everything was over that fast!" he said. "Man, those broads sure made a killing. The price of admission was 500 *sucres* which averages out at about twenty bucks, and with the chicks working about ten hours a night, it's easy to calculate their take. After a month, they pulled up stakes and flew out of here really loaded!"

Back in Quito, when word got around of how well the play-for-pay girls were hitting it off, others joined in the act. Kate, a big bosomed broad who hailed from London, chartered an old DC-3 that she found tucked away in moth balls at the airport, and tearing out the seats had a series of bunks installed in their place. As a final touch, she painted the plane pink and christened it the "Flying Floozy." Carefully selecting nine other pros, all of them young and knowledgeable in their trade, she then took off for the Anglo-Ecuadorian base at Santa Cecilia, where over 3,000 oilfield workers eagerly awaited their arrival. Thus, Kate inaugurated what many believe to be the first airborne whorehouse in history.

With businesslike precision she opened a small office near the plane where reservations could be made for an hour's flight over the jungle. The price of $100 included booze, babes, blue films and live sex shows. These sex-flights proved so popular that reservations had to be made three weeks in advance, and no one I talked to ever complained about the price he had to pay for one of these airborne orgies.

But no matter how many swinging hell-cats appeared at the various jungle camps, there never seemed to be enough of them to go around and

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as a result, most of the men waited patiently for their week's vacation, which they received every month, and headed for Quito where babes were plentiful and the nightlife swinging.

Clubs like *La Posada, La Noche, El Tally Ho, The Pussycat Discothek* and *Aquario* are open twenty-four hours a day, and doing a standing-room-only business. In all the nightclubs I visited, I noticed there was always a preponderance of chicks on the loose. What they wanted more than anything else was an unattached, virile young male, and these were often hard to find. As a matter of fact, the ratio was about five to one, and most of these exuberant and frisky felines were willing to give it away for the price of a drink and a little companionship.

Gamblers at the casinos in all the major hotels, including the *Quito, Colon International* and *Humboldt* were lined up three-deep in front of the roulette and crap tables.

According to my old friend, *Senor* Alfonso Rodriguez who managed the small but exclusive Hotel Riviera on *Calle Alameda*, the Texans were by the far the wildest and kookiest contingent of Americans he had ever seen. "Night after night," Al told me, "they bring dozens of beautiful *chicas* up to their suites and participate in orgies that last until the early morning hours.

You don't have to be in oil to swing with the local scene. There's plenty of action for every red-blooded young American, and a bevy of beautiful young chicks for the taking. And getting to this exciting "Jewel of the Andes" is a comparatively simple matter. Major airlines, including Braniff and Ecuatoriana de Aviacion make daily flights out of Los Angeles, Galveston, New York and Miami. Cost of a round-trip ticket, good for a year, is a little over $250.00.

Hotels are relatively inexpensive. For example, at the luxurious Hotel Quito or the new Colon International, singles run about $10 a night. But for those on a limited budget, there are dozens of smaller hotels, among them the Humboldt, Alarcron, Ambassador, Savoy and Metropolitano, where rooms are available for as little as $4.00 a night, and if that seems exorbitant, Quito boasts over fifty pensions scattered throughout the city where a small but clean room with two excellent meals begin at $1.50 a day.

For those who like to spike their sex with a little adventure, always remember that Ecuador was once a part of the Old Incan Empire. There's plenty of gold still to be found in most of the rivers; dozens of lost cities and ancient Inca graveyards that well could hold vast treasures of priceless gold artifacts; and fabulous lost emerald mines waiting to be re-discovered. Man, believe me, when I say that Quito is where it's at! So get with it! ☐

SEXUALIS SMORGASBORD

continued from page 17

Tom Lehrer was ahead of his time. Before the current stars were born he wrote and sang a takeoff as "The Old Lamp-lighter." It was called, "The Old Dope-Pusher."

Want Ads for Lonesome Lads

The highbrow "New York Review of Books" has a personals page—it might be called "lonely hearts" in a lesser publication. Here people who describe themselves as "attractive, witty male" or "vibrant, enticing woman" or even "gay male academic, 28, slim, good-looking" advertise seeking relationships—you should excuse the expression—with persons of the opposite or even the same sex.

A notable switch from all the boasters and braggarts was this recent ad:

> UNATTRACTIVE, BORING CHICK with limited interests seeks immediate marriage with perfect man.

You can't help hoping that such a refreshingly frank advertiser will get results. I was tempted to respond, myself, but let's face it—no matter what you think, I'm not quite perfect. ☐

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After all, why should you care if I make $9.50 profit if I can show you how to make a *lot* more?

What if I'm so sure that you *will* make money my Lazy Man's Way that I'll make you the world's most unusual guarantee?

And here it is: I won't even cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material.

That'll give you plenty of time to get it, look it over, try it out.

If you don't agree that it's worth *at least a hundred times* what you invested, send it back. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be put in the return mail.

The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it C.O.D. is because both these methods involve more time and money.

And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

O.K.—now I have to brag a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary—to prove that sending me 10 dollars... which I'll keep "in escrow" until you're satisfied... is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth $100,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

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And I'll show you just how I did it—the Lazy Man's Way—a secret I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out, I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and, outside of the mortgage, don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

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The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

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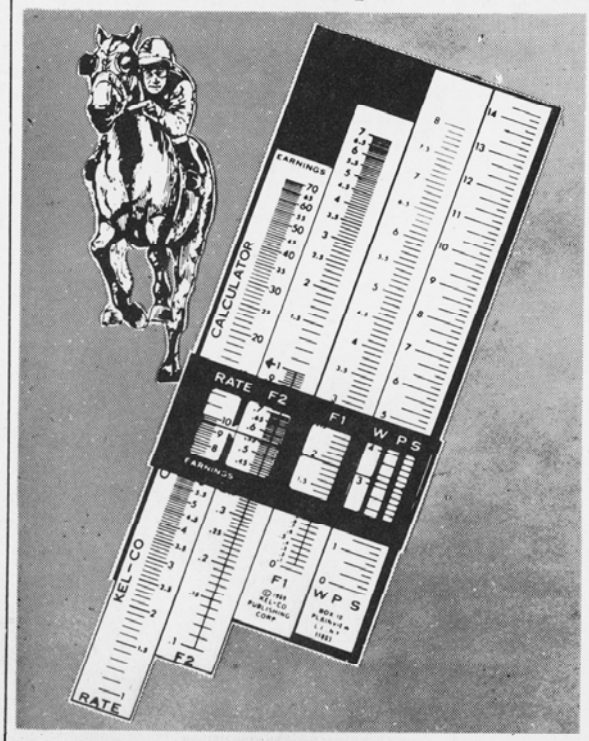

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